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APRIL 29, 1899

THE
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AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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190

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THE CRAPPIC, APRIL 29, 1899



THE BRIDAL PARTY LEAVING THE CHANCEL AFTER THE SERVICE
THE WEDDING OF THE EARL OF CREWE AND LADY MARGARET PRIMROSE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY
DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I., AND FRANK CRAIG

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,535—VOL. LIX.] EDITION
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SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1899

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT
"The Crewe-Primrose Wedding"

[PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.]



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, D. MACPHERSON

THE BRIDE LEAVING HER FATHER'S HOUSE FOR THE ABBEY

THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF CREWE AND LADY MARGARET PRIMROSE

Topics of the Week

As the time for the meeting of the so-called **Prospects** Disarmament Conference approaches, the hopes of formed with regard to it seem to diminish both **Arbitration** in force and in scope. This has become more marked since the organised agitations in favour of the Tsar's proposal have come to an end. On all hands it is agreed that Disarmament is impossible, that even an arrest of Armaments is likely to present insuperable difficulties, that any attempt to stop the progress of invention in regard to weapons and explosives will be resisted by all the Powers, and that no good reasons have yet been adduced for revising the decision of the Powers in 1868 and in 1874 in regard to the rules of war. What hope remains is concentrated on the Arbitration Clause of the programme, and it is even said that the Tsar has convinced himself that only in that direction can any solid results be looked for. We are strongly inclined to participate in this view, but at the same time we are far from looking to the Conference to establish any very ambitious tribunal to which all future International disputes shall be submitted. International arbitration is a plant of slow growth, and any attempt to force it to premature maturity can only meet with disaster. A tribunal established now to deal with all International disputes would, probably, only result in a fresh increase of international litigation. Questions which are now dormant owing to the very general fear of war would be revived, and nations would rush to the new Court to obtain decisions in their favour which could never be executed, and would only result in a further straining of international relations. If England and the United States have not yet been able to agree upon a General Arbitration Treaty, it is certain that the other Powers cannot do so. Nevertheless, there is plenty of room for good work in the organisation of International Arbitration which the Conference might well fill. Certain principles have already been tacitly adopted by all the Powers, and these might be embodied in a permanent Treaty. Questions of boundary, for example, are now almost invariably settled by arbitration. If the Powers were to pledge themselves in future always to refer such questions to arbitration, a tribunal to deal with them might be at once established. The powers of this tribunal could then be prudently enlarged as the accumulation of cases and precedents grew. In this way a Court having very large powers might be eventually formed. For the moment, however, we must be satisfied with small things. A Permanent Arbitration Tribunal to deal with all questions of frontier would, however, not be such a small thing as it may at first appear. It was a miserable quarrel about a stockade on the Ohio which precipitated the Seven Years War, and we have lately had abundant evidence in Africa that boundary problems have lost none of their dangers.

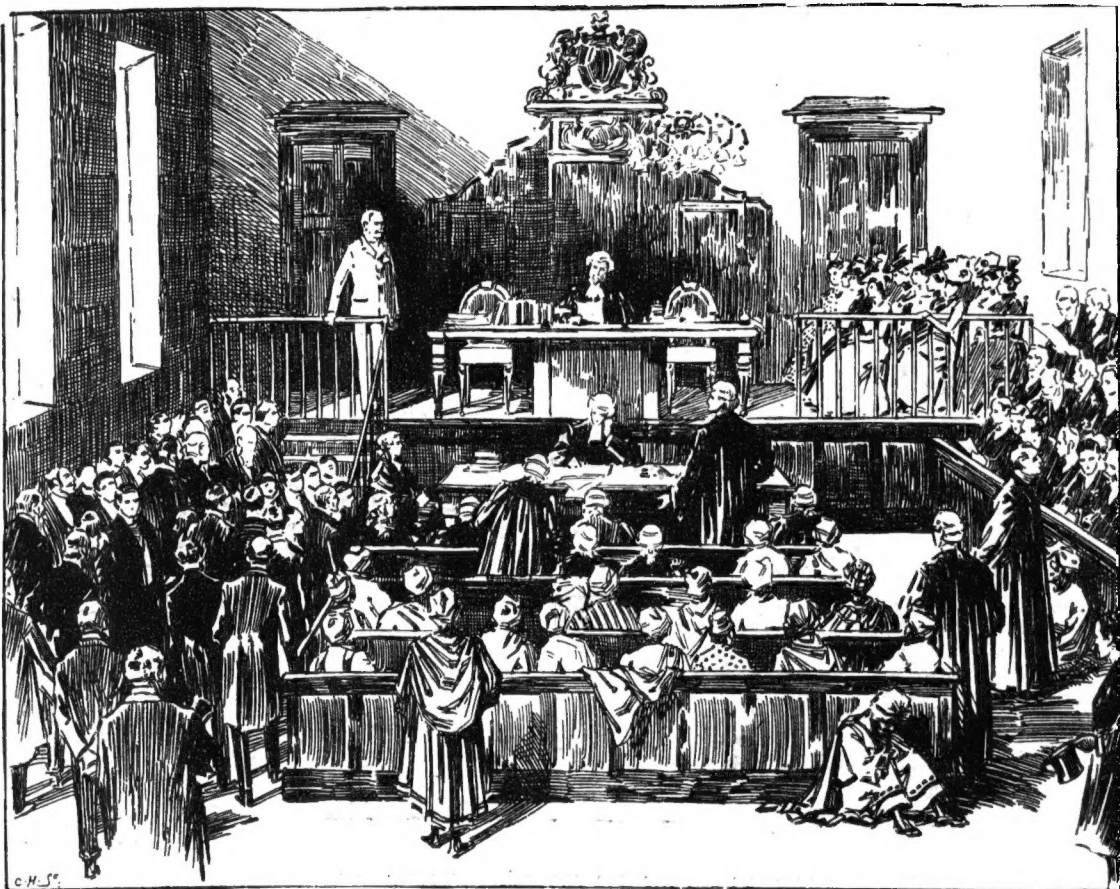
The Government acted most wisely to refer the question of Old Age Pensions to a Parliamentary Committee. Both parties have talked far too glibly on this thorny matter at election times; there is nothing to choose between them in that respect. But the Unionists, being in office, can no longer afford to make light of its almost insurmountable difficulties; if they did that, they would deprive themselves of their only excuse for inaction. Even Mr. Chamberlain, who used to apparently carry about a workable scheme in his pocket ready for production at any moment, now recognises the necessity of proceeding very cautiously and tentatively. More searching inquiry has shown him, no doubt, the enormous difficulty of establishing a system of State pensions without injuring, perhaps even destroying, the friendly societies. But there are other obstacles besides that. Are all classes to be entitled to this form of State help, or only some? Lastly starts up the grim question of whence the enormous amount required could be obtained. It is idle to talk about raising it by stoppages from wages; the working classes would never submit to that coercion. Additional taxation to a very large amount would therefore have to be imposed, and as the benefit would fall almost exclusively to the poorer classes, it would be manifestly unfair to increase direct taxation.



CAPTAIN GEORGE GRAHAM
Master of the s.s. *Tourmaline*



MAJOR A. GYEBON SPILSBURY
The Defendant



THE TOURMALINE CASE: THE TRIAL OF MAJOR SPILSBURY AT GIBRALTAR

The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

THE prospect of watching Mr. Chamberlain in a tussle with a foeman worthy of his steel always attracts the House of Commons. In any aspect he has the priceless gift of being attractive. Mr. Asquith has several times pitted himself against Mr. Chamberlain, and is one of the few men of whom it may not certainly be anticipated that he will come off second best. On Monday night he certainly had the better of the fray. At the outset he succeeded in irritating Mr. Chamberlain, and loss of temper is ever a sign of weakness in Parliamentary debate.

The battle began around the familiar question of Old Age Pensions. The Government, constantly twitted with having used the question as a bait at the General Election, throwing it away after catching their fish, valiantly resolved at least to look as if they were doing to do something. This determination led them into the path of appointing a new Committee. To the impartial observer it appears that information is the last thing needed in connection with Old Age Pensions. A Royal Commission appointed in 1891 sat for two years, diligently taking evidence. The conclusion of the matter was confession of inability to recommend a scheme. That Commission was the offspring of Mr. Gladstone's Government. The present Ministry, having made the matter peculiarly their own, nominated a Committee, which, under the Presidency of Mr. Rothschild, carefully went over the ground again. They recognised the impossibility of devising a practical scheme. Now there is to be another Committee, of seventeen members, and Mr. Chamberlain cheers them on the way by expressing the reasonable hope that even before they have concluded their labours he and his colleagues may hit upon a plan which they would embody in legislation.

Obviously Mr. Chamberlain had no personal part in the business of Monday evening. "The extraordinary extension of the Committee's Office," on which Mr. Bartley commented in connection with the Small Houses Bill, has not wandered in the direction of Old Age Pensions. It was Sir William Walrond, the Ministerial Whip, who, by the eloquent gesture of raising his hat, moved the appointment of the Committee. Mr. Chamberlain's personality is so strong and predominant that it is unmistakable and not to be overlooked. Mr. Asquith seized the opportunity of tracing what he called the interesting historical course of the question, coming at every turn upon the passive figure and benevolent visage of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Only once he partly diverged to allude to the card issued to the East Manchester voters on the eve of the General Election. Mr. Balfour seized the opportunity to state that this mis-ive, promising in his name the boon of Old Age Pensions, was circulated before his arrival on the scene of conflict. He had not authorised its issue, had not even been consulted on the subject. "But it was never repudiated," said Mr. Asquith in one of his swift asides. Then the subject dropped.

Concentrating now his attention on Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Asquith cited the famous card issued by the Birmingham Liberal Unionist Association, in which Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues in the Government at the time appealing for a vote of national confidence, were acclaimed as the friends of the aged poor, the sure providers of a pension for all who, some day, must lapse into that condition. "For further information apply at the office of any Liberal Unionist Association." Also he quoted Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Hanley in July, 1895, in which was put forward, "My plan, so simple that anyone can understand it." That was a promise, Mr. Asquith averred amid loud cheers from the delighted Opposition, designed to influence votes and successful in the endeavour. "It was not a promise, it was a proposal," said Mr. Chamberlain, pale with wrath, but speaking in his softest tones. "I thank the right hon. gentleman for that distinction," Mr. Asquith retorted. "I think it would be quite sufficient to sustain an action for breach of promise."

Mr. Chamberlain, as he said, had not intended to speak at this early stage of what promised to be a long debate. Stung by Mr. Asquith's taunts and gibes, he sprang to his feet and defended his position. He was very angry, but—in this respect like Mr. Gladstone—being on his legs he attained complete mastery over himself, speaking in the quietest tones and refraining from gestures. The speech will not rank among his polemical successes. Its chief importance lay in the announcement that the Government had resolved, before they leave office, to attempt legislation on this thorny question. Mr. Chamberlain looks forward with confidence to the introduction of a Bill next year, an expectation confirmed by Mr. Balfour.

For the rest of the week, the customary Friday night vote to Supply, the House given itself up to the tranquillity of Committee on the Local Government Bill.

The "Tourmaline" Case

THE celebrated *Tourmaline* case, in which Major Spilsbury was charged with having unlawfully fired from the steam yacht *Tourmaline* on the soldiers of the Sultan of Morocco, began with the arrest of the Major on his return to London in July last year. He was committed for trial at Tangier, but on appeal to the Privy Council the venue was changed to the Supreme Court at Gibraltar. At the trial Mr. E. Griffiths, Q.C., M.P., who defended, made a brilliant speech. The Attorney-General (Mr. Fawcett, Q.C.), followed, and the Chief Justice summed up strongly for conviction, but the jury, after fifteen minutes' absence, gave their verdict of not guilty, and the defendant was discharged amid great applause.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE other day I had the good fortune to go over the nurses' new quarters at the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. Till within the last few weeks the want of adequate accommodation for the nursing staff has been a considerable drawback in this admirably managed institution. Now no one will have cause to complain, for the committee have taken possession of the house next door, which is entirely devoted to the nurses, and it has been fitted up with every regard to their comfort and convenience. By purchasing this mansion, not only have these excellent quarters been provided, but light and air have been secured for the Hospital in perpetuity—that is to say, the authorities have now no fear of being overshadowed by buildings beyond their control. In addition to the advantages named, a fine garden with noble trees therein—which you would not dream of discovering in such a place—has been acquired, which will be invaluable as an open-air sanatorium for the convalescent little patients. All this has cost money. 20,000*l.* will be required in January next, and 5,000*l.* for other expenses. In short, Lord Peel, who presides at the annual dinner at the Hotel Cecil on May the third, makes an earnest appeal for 25,000*l.* Many can recollect dear old Mrs. Keeley's pleading for this excellent charity, and with what clearness, force and fervour she said:—

I crave for them your sym; a by untold,
Your love, your help, your pity, and—your gold!
The la t I'm bound to have, for you must know,
I played *Jack Sheppard* many years ago!
I've not forgot his impudence, his da h,
His rare persuasive power when seeking cash!
Stand and deliver—sovereigns, fifties, lives—
We want *you* money, for we want *their* lives!

It is to be hoped that there will be a large attendance to support this good cause on Wednesday next, and that everyone will be prepared to "stand and deliver" in the most munificent mann r.

Some time ago I complained of notices being hung from lamp-posts at such a height that you could not read them without shinning up the column. Now if your faithful Bystander in the enthusiasm of the moment had been guilty of so undignified a proceeding he would probably have found himself in charge of the police. Consequently, being very short-sighted he has never been able to ascertain to what the aforesaid notices referred. He is, however, very glad to see the new cab-fare tablets which are now, in various places, attached to lamp-posts placed at a height where they can be easily seen. This new departure shows, what I have suggested before, how the British lamp-post might be utilised for advertise- ment. If this were tastefully done it would effectually screen thousands of the most commonplace and hideous objects in the streets of London. Not only would it do this, but in the first place it would repay the money, interest and principal, which has been for so many years locked up in these unsightly columns, and in the second place it would cause these detestable eyesores to earn for ever a respectable income for the parishes to which they belong. It is seriously to be hoped no time will be lost in carrying out this common-sense suggestion.

"Jingle Junior" in *Punch*, in the course of a description of Henley Regatta, in his shorthand *staccato* fashion, said, "Lot of young men with red oars in boat over-exerting themselves—lot more in boat with blue oars also over-exerting themselves—bravo!—pick her up!—let her have it!—well-pulled—everybody gone raving mad!—Bang!—young men leave off over-exerting themselves—hang their heads and pant—somebody says somebody has won something—seems to have been a race about something—why can't they row quietly?—pass the claret-cup, please—why do they want to interrupt our luncheon?—eh?" Now this distinctly embodies the views of nineteen out of twenty people who attend Henley Regatta every year. It is far more warmly supported as an aquatic festival than as a rowing function, therefore it is to be hoped the report that it is the intention of the committee to boom off the course so that the circulation of the general public in boats between the races will be prevented, is altogether devoid of foundation. If the rumour is true half the charm of the most brilliant spectacle in England will be lost, the subscriptions to the regatta will probably be affected, the attendance of visitors will doubtless diminish, and the tradesmen of Henley and the directors of the Great Western Railway will scarcely have cause for jubilation.

Two or three weeks ago I proposed that all buildings over a certain height should be taxed, but how ever heavily a building might be fined for altitude it would be but little satisfaction to the dwellers therein in the event of its being burned to the ground. Possibly the right form of the fine to take would be especial facilities in the way of fire-escapes, unusual caution with regard to electric wires and earnest consideration with regard to lifts. There should be a special department in connection with the Fire Brigade which should look after these matters, and no mansion above a certain height should be allowed to be inhabited till it had been properly surveyed and a satisfactory certificate granted. Of course, fees for the survey and certificate would have to be paid, and this would probably be the most satisfactory way of levelling the tax above referred to. To those who live in flats all these questions will have the greatest interest, probably more than to those dwelling in moderate-sized houses. Some years ago there was a great craze for flats, and the consequence is that London has been over-flatted. People seemed to have discovered that though an Englishman's house is his castle, the same kind of independence cannot be enjoyed in a flat. A flat has been defined as having all the drawbacks of an hotel without its advantages. And this is to a certain extent true. People are beginning to find this out, and probably the builders will now turn their attention to moderate-sized houses.

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RULES

1. No competitor to send in more than six photographs, whether mounted or unmounted.
2. In every case a stamped addressed wrapper must be enclosed for the return of the photographs.
3. Acknowledgment will be made in *The Graphic* week by week of all photographs received.
4. Photographs will be received any time up to June 1, 1899.
5. The name and address of the sender and the title of the subject should be legibly written on the back of each photograph.
6. Photographs may represent either figures, land or sea scapes, animals architecture, &c.
7. Every endeavour will be made to return unused photographs, but the manager will not hold himself responsible for loss or damage.
8. All communications to be addressed to the Manager of *The Graphic* Amateur Photographic Competition, 100, Strand London, W.C.

Additional Photographs have been received from F. O. Baldwin, Geo. T. Gunner, J. Carpenter, A. H. Robinson, Rev. R. C. MacLeod, Bertrand Mawson, and David Brigham.

THE GRAPHIC (6*d.*)

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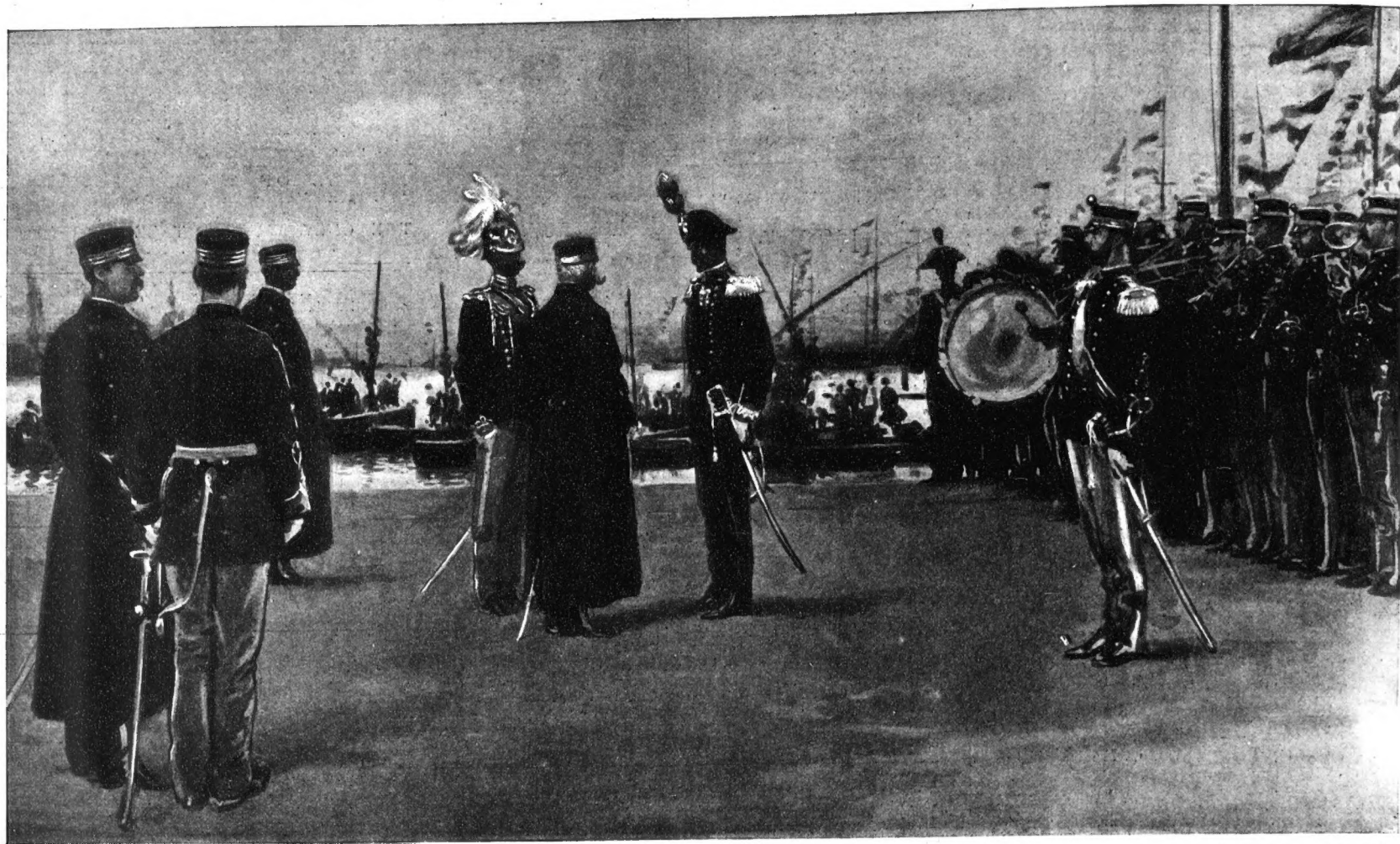
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Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BIANCHINI

ON THE QUAY AFTER LANDING AT CAGLIARI



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

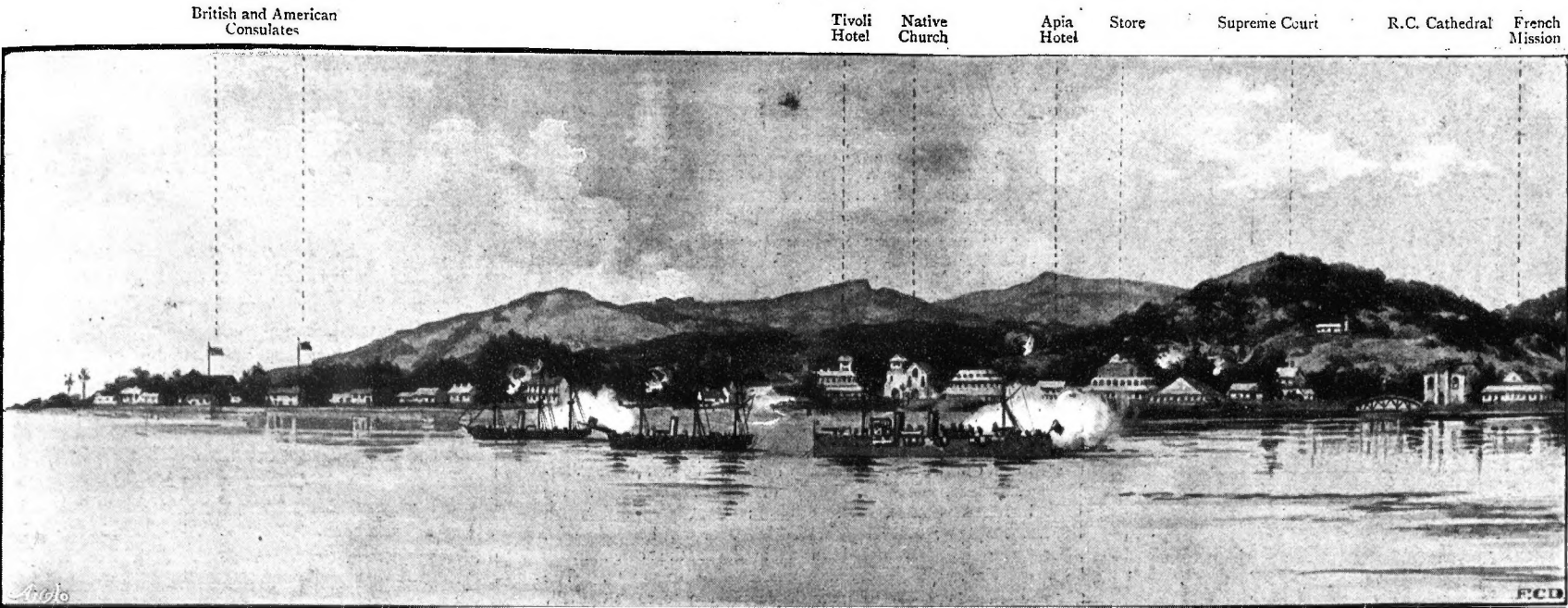
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BIANCHINI

King Humbert and Queen Margherita have been greeted in Sardinia with an enthusiasm that has passed all expectation. On landing at Cagliari their Majesties were received with a salute of artillery, and were warmly cheered by a large concourse of people. At the reception platform the Archbishop, the Prefect, the

Mayor and military authorities welcomed the King and Queen. A series of presentations were made to their Majesties, and a superb bouquet was handed to the Queen by a member of the Sardinian Ladies' Committee

PRESENTATIONS TO THEIR MAJESTIES AFTER THEIR LANDING AT CAGLIARI

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY IN SARDINIA



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY W. H. PYM, R.N.

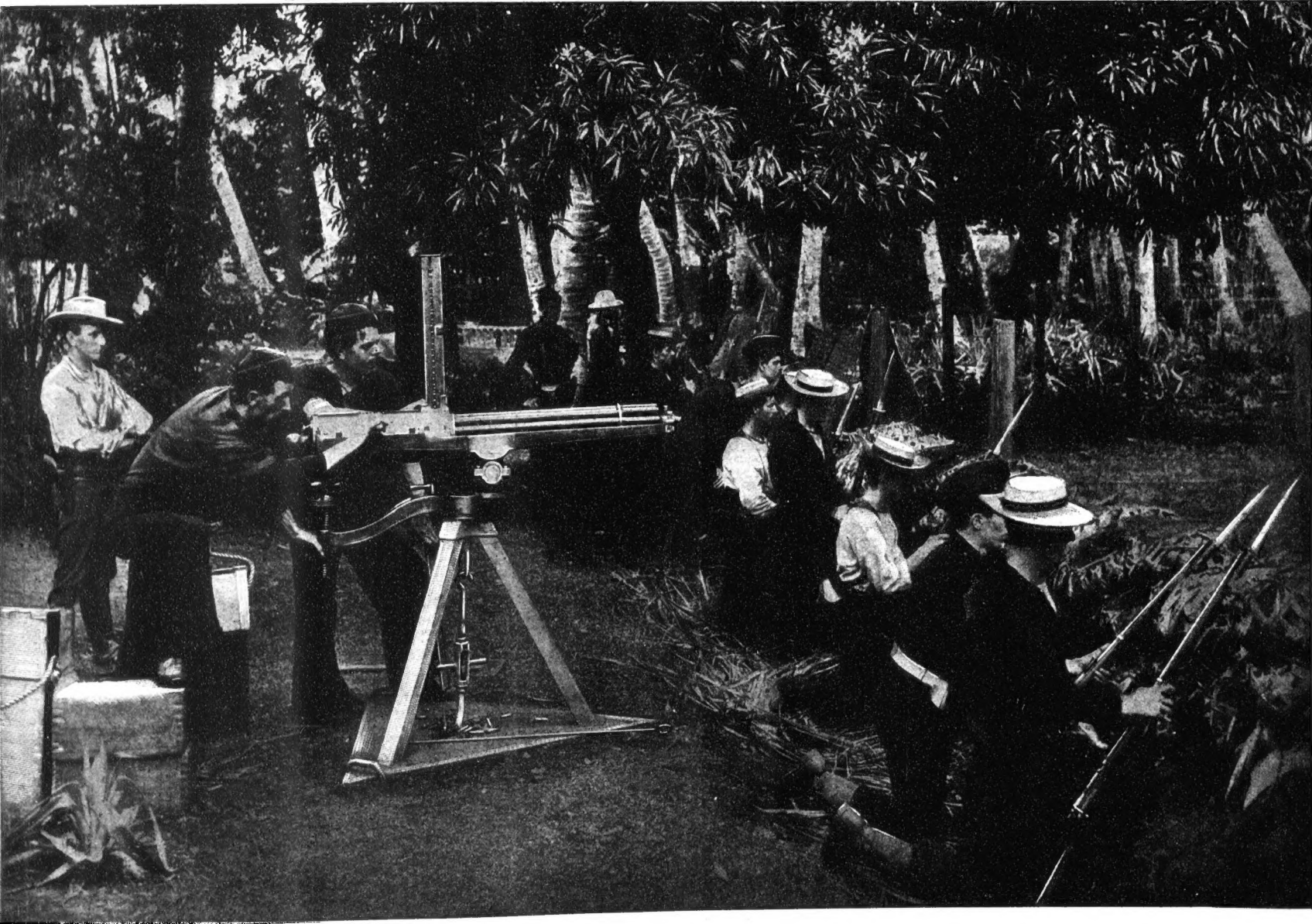
GENERAL VIEW OF APIA: THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN WARSHIPS IN THE HARBOUR BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT

The Crisis in Samoa

News from Samoa itself has been scarce during the past week, but an important addition to the history of the crisis has been supplied by Herr Von Bülow, the German Minister for Foreign Affairs, who made a statement in the Reichstag. Replying to an interpellation, he said that in the interests of peace the German Government would find it advantageous if the Samoa Act, which had become inadequate, could be succeeded by a fresh arrangement; but so long as the treaty existed it must be loyally observed by all concerned. The letter and spirit of it required that final decisions should only be effected by the unanimous resolutions of the three Governments, and, therefore, Germany had allowed no doubt to remain in London and Washington that she would regard as not legally binding any changes to which she did

not give her assent. The principle of necessary unanimity which his Government set up, was accepted by the United States, and then also by Great Britain. The provisional Government of Mataafa having been recognised by the three Consuls, it must appear to the German Consul as the legal *status quo* until a new Government was installed by a unanimous resolution of the three Governments. Germany had neither participated in nor approved of the intervention of the British and American warships in the disputes in Samoa, but a final settlement could not be prejudiced by these local events. To bring about such a settlement Germany had proposed the despatch of a Special Commission, and had, after considerable difficulty, obtained the assent of the other two Powers to the principle of unanimity for the decisions of the Commission. The Commission would take over the Provisional Government of the islands, and all other official personages

would have to obey them. One of the tasks of the Commission would be to consider what arrangements should be made for the future government of the islands and to report its views to the three Governments. In the meantime, though telegraphic news has been scarce, the mail has brought further details of the recent fighting. It appears that as Mataafa and his followers continued to set the Treaty at defiance, Admiral Kautz, in command of the United States warships, summoned the Consuls and the senior naval officers to a meeting on board the *Philadelphia*, when it was resolved to dismiss the Provisional Government. Admiral Kautz accordingly issued a proclamation calling upon the Mataafa chiefs to return to their homes. Mataafa thereupon evacuated Mulinuu and went inland. The German Consul issued a proclamation upholding the Provisional Government, and Mataafa's men assembled in force and hemmed in the town. H.M.S. *Royalist* brought back



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. DAVIS, SAMOA

After the British and American forces had occupied Apia there was some sharp fighting with the rebels, who kept up a hot fire from the bush. Our illustration shows British and American bluejackets in the trenches defending the British Consulate in Apia. The Gatling gun was in charge of two Americans

THE CRISIS IN SAMOA: COMPANIONS IN ARMS



GEORGE TUBON II., KING OF TONGA

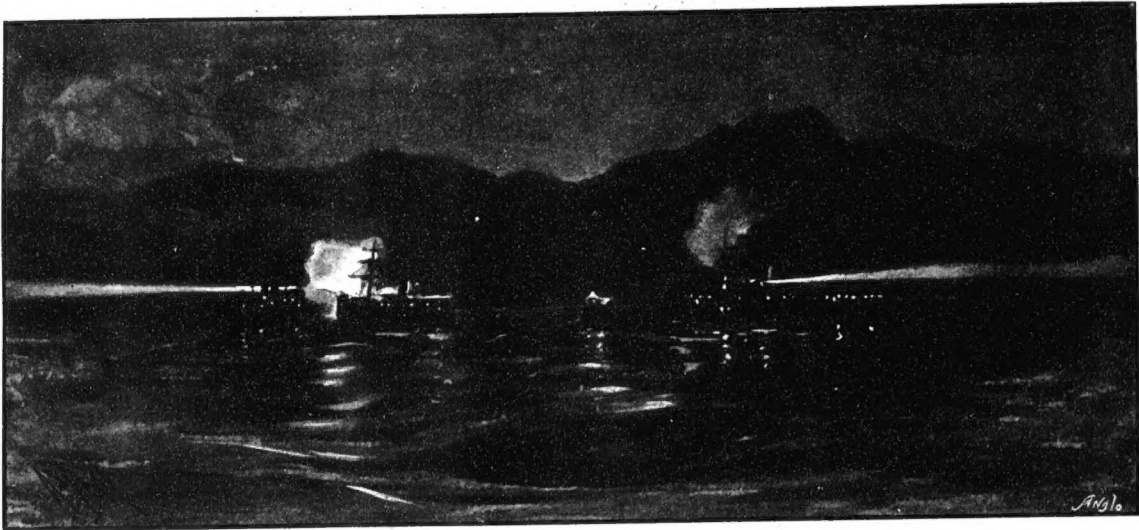
the refugees had got on board, the guns opened fire, the bush behind Apia in various places being vigorously shelled by the *Philadelphia* and *Royalist*, while the *Porpoise* proceeded outside and round Matautu Point, and similarly dealt with a district known to be frequented by Mataafa's followers. The bombardment continued slowly for eight days. In the meantime, the British and American forces had occupied Apia. Mataafa's men gave little sign of their existence during daylight, but in the night they made several attempts to take the authorities by surprise, and hand-to-hand encounters took place at the British and American Consulates. On March 23 King Malietoa, who had spent two months in H.M.S. *Porpoise*, and whose anointing had previously taken place, was duly enthroned at Mulinuu. A guard of honour from the British and American warships and a body of native troops were placed by the flagstaff where the King's flag was to be hoisted. The band of the United States' cruiser *Philadelphia* played the troops into position. Then the flag was hoisted, and a salute was fired from the warships, and the band played "Hail Columbia," "God Save the Queen," and the "Samoan Hymn." The King was seated on an armchair, draped with a grass mat, which served as a throne; and he received the homage of his chiefs, who knelt and kissed his hand. On the right of the throne were seated Admiral Kautz, Chief Justice Chambers, and the British Consul, Mr. Maxse; while on the left were Vice-King Tamasese, Captain White of the *Philadelphia*; the United States Consul, Mr. Osborn; Captain Sturdee, of H.M.S. *Porpoise*; and Captain Torlesse, of H.M.S. *Royalist*. After some speeches had been made came the ceremony of kava drinking, which was begun with due solemnity. The guests drank in order of precedence from a cocoanut shell, which was filled from a large kava bowl. The throne-room was decorated with palm leaves and flowers, and the King



REAR-ADMIRAL KAUTZ
In command of the United States Warships at Samoa

the Malietoa prisoners from the other islands. The Americans fortified Mulinuu, and 2,000 Malietoa natives took refuge there. The Mataafans then barricaded the roads in Apia and seized the British houses. An ultimatum was sent to them that if they did not evacuate the town a bombardment would begin at one o'clock on the 16th.

In view of this decision all British subjects were warned to repair on board H.M.S. *Royalist*. The signal was made at midday by the United States warship *Philadelphia* firing a gun three times, while H.M.S. *Porpoise* kept up a constant boom with her siren. A crowd of refugees, mostly women and children, white and coloured, was soon crowded on board the *Royalist*. When all



H.M.S. *Porpoise* H.M.S. *Royalist* German cruiser *Falke* U.S. cruiser *Philadelphia*
THE BOMBARDMENT AT APIA ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 16

will now live in it among the people.

The Friendly or Tonga Islands, which lie to the south of the Samoan group, are governed by King George Tubon II., whose portrait our special artist visiting the Western Pacific has sent us. King George II. was born on June 18, 1874, and was educated by missionaries. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his great-grandfather, George Tubon, in 1893. Tonga boasts of a constitution. The King is advised by a Legislative Assembly, which meets every two years, and is composed partly of hereditary nobles and partly of representatives elected by universal suffrage.



Chief Justice Chambers Admiral Kautz The King The Vice-King Captain White Mr. Osborn (U.S. Consul) Commander Torlesse, R.N.
Mr. Maxse (British Consul) THE ENTHRONEMENT OF KING MALIETOA: THE SOLEMN CEREMONY OF KAVA DRINKING

THE CRISIS IN SAMOA
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. S. BOYD

The Royal Academy—I.

ALTHOUGH it may be said that for a good many years past the general level of the Academy has touched a higher point of excellence than is reached this year, the exhibition is not without many points of interest. Although several of the leading Academicians have abstained, for one motive or another, from proper and adequate representation—although, moreover, the triumph of British arms and tactics in Egypt and India have called forth no worthy response from English battle painters—(truly, the stay-at-home English are not military, *au fond*)—although no one has yet stepped forward to fill the blank caused by the disappearance of Leighton and Millais, there are pictures which are vastly attractive by reason of subject, of arrangement, of technique. No doubt these excellencies may be more appreciated by the artists than by the public, but the general visitor, disappointed though he may be at finding no pictures that compel anything like a universal *pean* of praise, will, if he be intelligent, find in a visit to the Academy a very substantial reward. If he be loyal—it seems something of an impertinence to doubt it—he will rejoice in the Jubilee pictures which, from not fewer than three different hands, occupy prominent places on the walls, and, while wondering at the skill and diligence that they bear witness to, he will observe with what varying success each artist has achieved his object.

There is no doubt that to Mr. Charlton must be awarded the palm. He has chosen the better aspect of the Cathedral yard; his composition is good, his figures living and well grouped, everything keeps its place, and there is atmosphere and movement. Technically, we admit, there is better painting in Mr. Gow's at present unfinished work; but, so far as we can see, this picture will never be anything more than a collection of miniatures, more admirable in its details than in its entirety. So vast, so difficult a subject has evidently been unmanageable to him, and fine though be the parts and exquisite the groups, it wholly lacks the breadth that is an absolute essential to success. We do not complain of such errors as the omission of medals from the breasts of the gentlemen-at-arms (an unpardonable sin in the eyes of those who know), or of defects such as the rank treatment of the houses that form the background; the picture has not even the poetry of life, though as a record and a document it will be, when completed, without reproach. As to Signor D'Amato's version, which dominates Gallery X, it is not to be counted with the others, in spite of its emphasis and boldness. It looks as if it had been painted from photographs—the details are wanting in detail and truth of colour, the whole untrustworthy as to its facts, while it is even spottier than Mr. Gow's, and not so well painted as Mr. Charlton's.

Portraiture, for all we may say against it when in the aggregate it seems to occupy an undue share of wall-space, is always interesting; and when it is fine it touches our appreciation more nearly, perhaps, than any other class of painting. In England the painting of portraits has always flourished when other forms have languished; whether, owing to our love of humanity, or of history, or of self, need not now be discussed; so that we may always count with confidence on a certain number of canvases that deserve to live and to be remembered as much for the sake of the art that is in them as for the character or importance of the men, or the beauty or grace of the women. This year, as last, Mr. Orchardson is simply superb. The growing powerlessness of his left arm has not

infected the right, and his series of four canvases constitute an achievement of the highest kind. At the head of these the portrait of the Earl of Crawford must be placed. It must be said that the sitter is not depicted in his most amiable mood; but he is full of true character, and as he sits holding in his hand one of his beloved jewelled bindings of the Lindsay Library (as the Pope holds just such a one in Raphael's celebrated picture), he is shown as a living breathing man, although the paint is laid on as thin as water-colour. Moreover it is as broad as a Rembrandt. So, too, is the "Peter Russell, Esq.," thoughtful and grave and dignified, while "Lord Kelvin" and "Mr. Edmund Davis" are hardly inferior.

Antithetic in his artistic outlook, Mr. Sargent is not less remarkable in his own way. There is more show of dexterity here, more effort to appear effortless, and even a tendency to caricature—arising from an insistence upon the sitter's facial characteristics and peculiarities of manner—which sometimes ventures dangerously the border of exaggeration. But the work is often enough little short of miraculous in its surprising vitality. "Lady Faudel Phillips" is alive; "Miss Jane Evans" more soberly handled, as she sits attired in black, with a look half sinister and half kind upon her intelligent face; and "Miss Octavia Hill" is a tribute at once to the brilliancy of the painter and the mental vigour of the sitter. But the portrait of "Mrs. Charles Hunter" in the first room is a bit of *bravura* painting, which like all *bravura* work intended to astonish makes us regret that the artist might, had he chosen, have awakened, instead of this sentiment, a far worthier one in our breasts. Perhaps one of these days Mr. Sargent will grow tired of hearing us cry "Wonderful!" and will prefer that we should say "Superb." Till then he is the *virtuoso*, not the truly great portraitist.

How quiet, modest, and retiring beside such gallery triumphs appears the dark and sober portrait of Mr. Gerald Ballour, on which Mr. Watts has set the statesman's inner man! Not here can such painting be understood or even properly seen; nay, it cannot and it does not compete. Yet those who look for the elements of greatness may find it here, like words of wisdom softly spoken in the noisy Babel of the fair. Professor Herkomer makes a strong exhibit, apart from his enamel shield, and in "The Duke of Sutherland" and the "Prince Luitpold, Regent of Bavaria" (in mediaeval dress) he has wrought bold, straightforward portraits that none has surpassed in their own way since the days of Holle. Female portraits are numerous; pretty faces and figures abound, and many a painter has record with elegance and grace and beauty of colour the charm of the English girl. Mr. Fildes's best picture is that of "Miss Violet Stern" in that oval form which he has revived with so much popular approval; Mr. Frank Dicksee gives in an opulent arrangement a representation of "Miss Gladys Palmer," of which it can only be said that the accessories are a little too obtrusive; Sir W. B. Richmond, in dealing with his exquisitely pretty model—"Miss Muriel Wilson"—aims at the impressive simplicity of Romney, and gives us a dignified Lady Hamilton (but without the malicious mouth of Nelson's love), and dressed with the taste with which Emile Wauters attires his sitters. Of a more modern school we have Mr. Shannon, but nothing from him quite so fine as his "Lady Bentinck" at the New Gallery. Mr. Mouat Loudan is not less reticent in his "Mrs. Mirrieleses," and Mr. Ralph Peacock, that rapidly rising young painter, in "Miss Lilian Croft," "Bunny," and "Miss Sybil Scott," more than repeats his success of last year. Justice has scarce been done in the handling to Mr. Jack's portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell—a tall, over-tall, figure which offers a grey and yellow scheme to the artist.

A New U.C.

THE Queen has conferred the Victoria Cross on Corporal James Smith, of the Buffs (East Kent Regiment), for his conspicuous bravery during an engagement at Bilot, on the North-West Frontier of India.

On the night of Sept. 16, 1897, Corporal Smith, with a party of the Buffs, responded to Lieutenant Watson's call for volunteers, and followed that officer into the burning village of Bilot, driving off the enemy with the bayonet. Afterwards, although wounded, he continued firing steadily and coolly, and also helped to carry the wounded to the place prepared for them. When Lieutenant Watson left, in order to fetch assistance for the wounded, Corporal Smith held the position till that officer's return, exposing his life freely in watching the enemy and directing the fire of his men.



CORPORAL SMITH, V.C.

The Baptist Union



DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

At the annual meeting of the Baptist Union Dr. Clifford was elected President in the place of the late Dr. Spurgeon, who was to have held the post. Dr. John Clifford, who is minister of Westbourne Park Chapel, is a popular preacher, and a prominent member of the Baptist body. He was President of the Union in 1888, and so is now serving a second time. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Sir Edward Clarke

The Bridegroom Mr. Graham Paterson Mr. E. P. Clarke



Miss Speed

Miss K. Thorpe Miss Meyrick The Bride

Miss Cotterill

Miss M. Lenny

Miss K. Goulston

Lady Clarke

Master W. F. Clarke

Miss Ethel Clarke, only daughter of Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P., was married to Mr. Rees-Webbe (58th Northamptonshire Regiment) last Saturday at St. Peter's Church, Staines. The ceremony was performed by the bridegroom's father, the Rev. H. Rees-Webbe, assisted by the Rev. G. V. Briscoe, vicar of

St. Peter's, and the Rev. E. C. Coney. Mr. Graham Paterson was best man. Sir Edward Clarke gave the bride away. The bridesmaids were Miss Cotterill, Miss Kathleen Goulston, Miss Mona Lenny, Miss F. Meyrick, Miss K. Thorpe, and Miss Speed.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR EDWARD CLARKE'S DAUGHTER: THE BRIDAL PARTY

From a Photograph by W. Bates, Chertsey

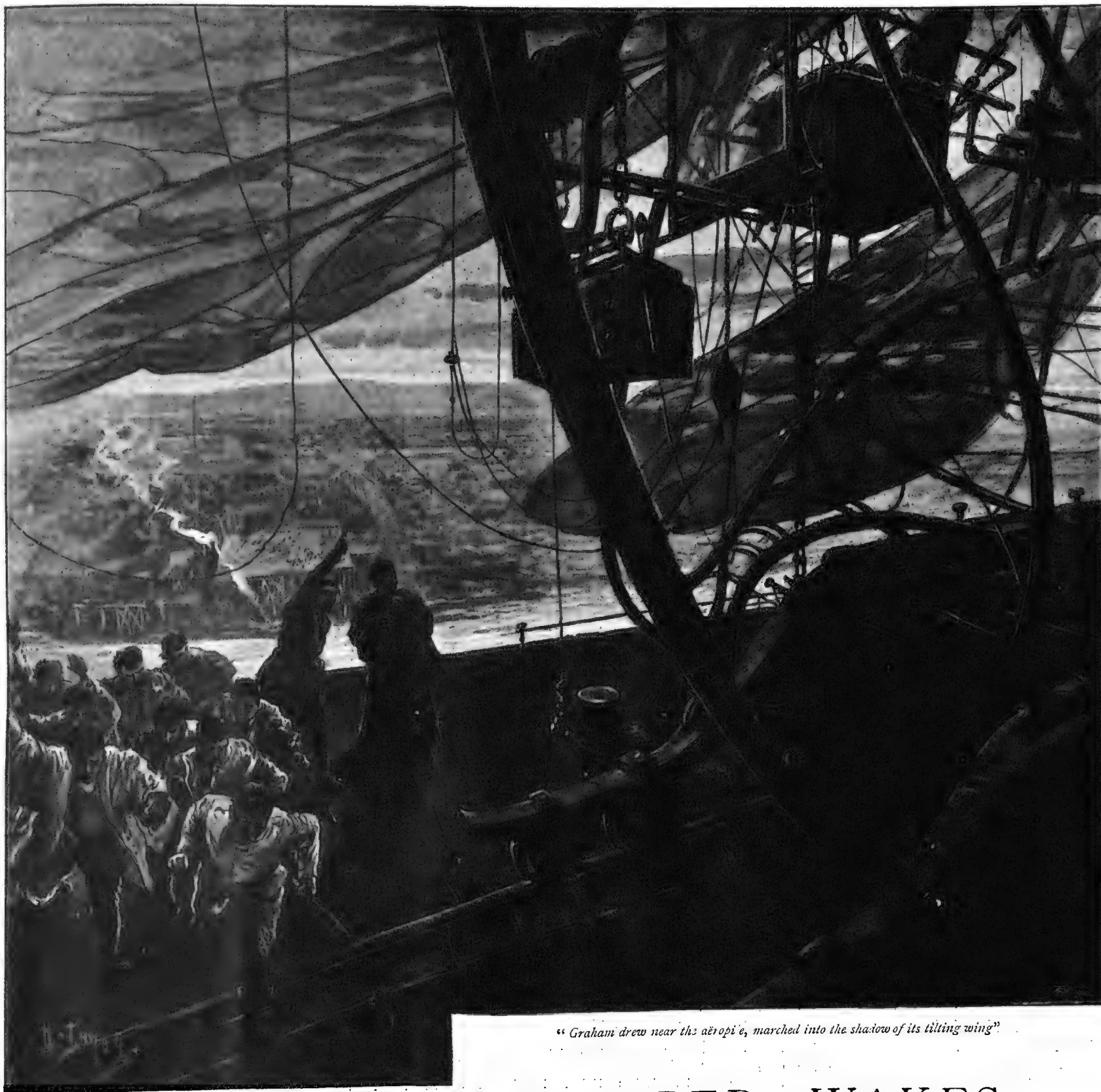


FRENCH AND ITALIAN WARSHIPS SALUTING THE ROYAL YACHT "SAVOIA" ON HER ARRIVAL AT CAGLIARI
THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY TO SARDINIA



Thursday in last week was the anniversary of the destruction of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The day was also the annual festival of the Pastors' College, one of the institutions of which the Tabernacle is the parent. At the meeting of the College Conference Pastor Thomas Spurgeon led a party of past and present students amid the ruins of the Tabernacle, and conducted a service there, surrounded by the new iron pillars which are rising for the new structure. Our illustration is from a photograph by Reinhold Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE: A SERVICE AMID THE RUINS OF THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE



"Graham drew near the aeroplane, marched into the shadow of its tilting wing"

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS. Illustrated by H. LANOS

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CHAPTER XXIV.

WHILE THE AÉROPLANES WERE COMING

ALL through the short winter afternoon that ineffectual fight for the flying stages went on. The first great movement of the people had been upon the Council House, an undisciplined convergence, without order, and in many cases without weapons, to clamour in astonished anger for the Master. The leaders and elected officers of the Clubs and Secret Societies and Sections knew no more than the common people of the state of affairs, and conceiving that the Sleeper was privy to Ostrog's designs, had made no organised attempts at revolt until Graham's reappearance and the escape of Ostrog. Then, however, the extraordinary tactical conditions of the struggle came to light, in the ease and rapidity with which the people were returned to their wards and factories, and marshalled there in their companies.

The people in the south-western wards of the city were the first, in order, the first in motion towards the stages. They were perhaps the most homogeneous section of the workers. The director of their council of ward leaders was an Ostrogit, but he had so organised these subordinates that they were already accustomed to meet and consult. They gathered their people methodically, in exactly the sections and meeting places that had served for the Revolt of the Awakening. They placed their masses upon the ways, section by section, employing even in its details the order Ostrog had devised, and they were already pouring up through

the galleries, and ascending ways beneath the Roehampton stage, before there was a hand raised to stop them. Then abruptly they were in collision with the details of the Ostrogites hastening all too late to their posts, and the battle was joined. And men grappled and died a hundred feet above the ground, where once the free air had blown over the tree-tops of Putney Hill.

The force Ostrog found at his disposal was smaller than he had counted upon, and he had hesitated whether to hold the Roehampton stage. The suddenness, the expertness, with which the Labour serfs had repeated the lesson he had taught them had done much to disorganise his designs. There were tens of thousands of people in the city that afternoon, officials, traders, aeronauts off duty, wind-vane policemen, members of the disbanded red police, wealthy shareholders and managers, footmen, pleasure dealers, aristocratic-minded people of various stations in life, who realised the seriousness of the uprising too late, who would have joined him had they dared to emerge from their chambers and rooms to attempt the journey of the public ways. As it was he had the bulk of the aeronauts with him, the aeroplane company attendants, almost a thousand of the yellow labour police, several thousands of the wind-vane police, engineers whom he had concentrated at the stages overnight when the popular behaviour became threatening, and a disorderly multitude of several thousands of public officials and gentlemen volubly loyal to the existing social order but not remarkably efficient. There were arms for all these people but no ordered discipline for their concerted action, and when the levies of the South-Western Labour Societies were marching into the warren

beneath the Roehampton stage, the bulk of the Ostrogites were still crowded and still imperfectly organised in the passages and halls of the basement below the central stages.

Ostrog, after his escape, had wasted a certain amount of time in telephonic communication with the flying stages of Paris and Berlin, only to learn that the news of the London rising had fired both these cities, that there the news from London roused the Labour serfs, and that in each the supporters of the existing order could scarcely hold their own for long unless reinforcements arrived. He immediately sent urgent messages for help to Say, Wadelai, Kimberley, and Stanley Falls, pressing the officers of the Consolidated African Companies to accelerate their despatch of the promised negro brigades. Even as he did this news of the attack on the Roehampton stage reached him.

The struggle for Roehampton lasted two hours. There was a temporary indecision on the part of the Ostrogites, a doubt how far the revolt had reached, and in that time the swarming blue canvas held the ends of the communicating ways and luggage slides. In spite of the distraction of a considerable proportion of their number in sacking the shops and houses of refreshment, a multitude of labourers were already pouring out among the sub-stage pillars and girders, and clambering up the staircase to the stage itself before Ostrog appeared on the next stage, the stage called Wimbledon. He saw at once that to attempt a recapture through the communicating ways was, at present, beyond his strength, and so the little band of Ostrogites in Roehampton were left to hold out as long as they could. He launched an aeroplane to their assistance.

It was speedily disabled. A chance shot from the roof spaces near killed the aéronaut as the machine was circling low, and it came down ingloriously athwart the Roehampton stage, smashing an Ostrogoite in its descent.

And now the Labour Societies of Central and East London were in motion. Ostrog's ineffectual aéropile was still upon its carrier, when the attenuated sounds of a nearer struggle, the roar and tumult of the fight that was beginning in the ways beneath the Streatham stage, came filtering up through a sponge of lifts, passages, and chambers to the ears of the aéronauts. A strange and unprecedented contest it was, fought out of sight of sky or sun under the electric glare, fought out in a vast confusion by multitudes untrained in arms, led chiefly by acclamation, multitudes dulled by mindless labour and enervated by the tradition of two hundred years of servile security against multitudes demoralised by lives of privilege and sensuous indulgence. They had no artillery, no differentiation into this force or that; the only weapon on either side was the little green metal carbine, whose secret manufacture and sudden distribution in enormous quantities had been one of Ostrog's most brilliant moves against the Council. Few had had any experience with this weapon, many had never discharged one, many who carried it came unprovided with ammunition; never was wilder firing in the history of warfare. It was a battle of amateurs, a hideous experimental warfare, armed rioters fighting armed rioters, armed rioters swept forward by the words and fury of a song, by the tramping sympathy of their numbers, pouring in countless myriads towards the smaller ways, the disabled lifts, the galleries slippery with blood, the halls and passages choked with smoke beneath the flying stages, to learn there when retreat was hopeless the ancient mysteries of warfare. Of all that happened out of sight of the sky through that terrible afternoon, when the soft clay of latter-day manhood went through the long-disused furnace of war, no history can be written. Here down a slant way, poured a host in the final degradation of panic; here, amidst the darkness of smashed electric cables and the broken débris of once seductive shops, men who had never seen one another grappled in the death struggle; here the blind fury of massacre wreaked itself on some wretched traders caught between the combatants among their commerce and hiding in vain; here masses of fomite aimlessly exploded, or, exploding accidentally, ripped and smashed, and opened huge pits of darkness, and here men who had been but a week ago the dull drudges of machines, fought grimly, steadily, intelligently, changed suddenly to heroes.

And while this fight went on, the two people whom fate had thrust to the central point of the struggle remained together in a little room opening into the Hall of the Atlas. Graham, glowing at first with the emotion of his eloquence, had proposed to lead the people in person, but the man in yellow had dissuaded him. There was no possibility of leading them effectually, he insisted, the battle was a fight in a warren, each passage, each lift had its own leaders, its own tide of success and failure, and here he was needed against the coming of the aéropiles. Ever and again there was news of these, drawing nearer, from this Mediterranean post and then that, and presently from the south of France. There was indeed a perpetual coming and going with messages. But of the new guns that were known to be in the city came no news in spite of Graham's urgency, nor any report of successes from the dense felt of fighting strands about the flying stages. Section after section of the Labour Societies reported itself assembled, reported itself marching, and vanished from knowledge into the labyrinth of that warfare. What was happening? Even the ward leaders did not know. In spite of the opening and closing of doors, the hasty messengers, the ringing of bells and the perpetual clatter-clack of recording implements, Graham felt isolated, strangely inactive, inoperative. Indeed there was nothing to be done now, until those guns were found, or the people won a footing on the flying stages or the aéropiles arrived. But it oppressed him that nothing was to be done; inactive he feared the slackening of his will, the return of his doubts, the rediscovery of his inadequacy.

Their intercourse was broken by countless interruptions, yet in the intervals they talked with a strange intimacy, touching on many matters. At first their mind was one of exalted confidence, a great pride possessed them, a pride in one another for the greatness of the issues they had challenged. But slowly uneasy intimations of a coming defeat touched Graham's spirits. At first he had walked the room eloquent with the solidarity and destiny of humanity, the providential nature of her intervention. There was an interval of fruitless inquiries, and then Graham recurred to the wonder of his sleep, spoke of the little life of his memories, remote yet minute and clear, like something seen through an inverted opera-glass, of all the brief play of desires and errors that had made his former life. He spoke more freely to her than he had ever done to any human being. She said little, but the emotion in her face followed the tones in his voice, and it seemed to him he had at last a perfect understanding. "And through it all, this destiny was before me," he said, "this vast inheritance of which I did not dream." Insensibly his heroic preoccupation with the revolutionary struggle passed to the question of their relationship. He began to question her. She told him of the days before his awakening, of the girlish dreams that had given a bias to her life, of the incredulous emotions his awakening had aroused. She told him, too, of a tragic circumstance of her girlhood that had darkened her life, quickened her sense of injustice, and opened her heart prematurely to the wider sorrows of the world.

There came messengers to tell that great aéropiles were rushing between the sky and Avignon, coming Londonward in a mighty fleet. He went to the crystal dial in the corner and assured himself that the thing was so. He consulted a map to measure the distances of Avignon, Arawan, and London. He made swift calculations. He went out to the room of the ward leaders to ask for news of the fight for the stages—and there was no one there. After a time he came back to his pacing.

His face had changed. His consciousness had been occupied with the coming of a battle, with a long contest opening. Now it was dawning upon him that the struggle had already lasted more than an hour, was perhaps more than half over, that the arrival of the aéropiles would mean a panic that might leave him helpless. Only two of the ward leaders returned, the Hall of the Atlas seemed empty, he fancied a change in the bearing of those about him. A sombre disillusionment crept into his mind, a revived perception of inadequate faith in the cause he had undertaken. But she gave

no signs of doubt for all the shadow of these things, and he feared her astonishment if he should abandon his fear of greatness more than all the fears within him.

Presently came the report of the aéropiles from Vichy, and soon they were over Orleans. . . . Then they were passing Paris, and still the people under the flying stages fought and won no headway.

Graham continued the heroic strain she had imposed upon him with a dwindling zest. Ever and again came something like a twinge of exasperation at her headlong influence upon him. He was going to his destruction for her, and she did not even perceive it was for her. He could see his way to no personal interpretation of the attitude, though he searched his mind very eagerly.

"It may be," he said, "that we shall never rule. We gain no ground and the time goes by. But we have done the great thing; we have raised the banner of Humanity again, and all the world has heard us. That was our chief duty."

"That was our duty," she said.

He looked at her, envying the assurance of her virginal enthusiasm.

"The end may be near," he said. "The people make no headway, the aéropiles are swift, and my use to Ostrog is at an end. I knew little. I acted in haste. My little empire of the world is about over. But I have known you—that is the great thing now. I have known you, and I am content."

She put her hand to her throat. "Content," she said. "Have we not done right? Have you not given your message? I would not change—!" She stopped; she was smiling, her white lips smiling and her eyes were triumphant. She was so beautiful and so assured, so glorious in the face of their imminent overthrow that he, knowing the doubts he had from her, could have laughed aloud in the bitterness of his soul.

And suddenly came the man in yellow with wonderful news. "Victory!" he cried. "Victory! The people are winning! Ostrog's people have collapsed!"

She rose. "Victory?" she cried incredulously.

"What do you mean?" asked Graham.

"We have driven them out of the under galleries at Norwood, Streatham is afire, and Roehampton is ours—and an aéropile that lay thereon. The people win!"

Suddenly it seemed to Graham that Helen was human again. Their hearts were beating, they looked at one another. For one last moment there gleamed on Graham his dream of empire, of kingship with Helen by his side. It gleamed—and faded.

A shrill bell rang. An agitated grey-headed man appeared from the room of the ward leaders. "It is all over," he cried. "This glimpse of victory comes too late. The aéropiles are crossing the Channel."

"The Channel!" said the man in yellow. He calculated swiftly. "Half an hour."

"Yes," said Graham, "it is too late."

"If only we could stop them another hour!" cried the old ward leader.

"Nothing can stop them now," said the man in yellow.

"Another hour?" asked Graham.

"It is a pity," said the ward leader. "We have found those guns. If once we could get them out upon the roof spaces—"

"Too late," cried the man in yellow, "too late."

"How long would that take?" asked Graham suddenly.

"One hour—certainly."

"Is it too late?" said Graham. "Even now—An hour!"

He had suddenly perceived a terrible possibility. "There is one chance. Did you say there was an aéropile captured?"

"On the Roehampton stage, Sir."

"That . . . might give us time." His belief in this possibility faded as he spoke; yet he clung to it as a thing to be done.

He glanced at the two men and then at Helen. He spoke after a long pause.

"We have no aéronauts?"

"None."

"These aéropiles are clumsy," he said, "compared with the aéropiles."

He turned suddenly to Helen. His decision was made. "I must do it."

"Do what?"

"Go to the flying stage—to this aéropile."

"What do you mean?"

"I am an aéronaut. After all—Those days for which you reproached me, were not altogether wasted."

"What do you mean?"

"This aéropile. It is a chance—"

"You don't mean—"

"To fight—yes. To fight in the air. I have thought before—An aéropile is a clumsy thing. A resolute man—!"

With a gleam of triumph Graham saw the change in her face.

"But never, since flying began—!" cried the man in yellow.

"There has been no need. But now the time has come."

Helen made a step towards him. Her face was white. "But—How can one fight? You will be killed!"

"Perhaps. Yet not to do it—or to let someone else attempt it—"

He stopped, he could speak no more, he swept the alternative aside by a gesture, and they stood looking at one another. Their faces said things their lips could never utter. For a moment her humanitarian inhumanity was swept aside, and he could triumph over her. For an instant there was nothing for her in the world but the man who stood before her. And then that moment of self discovery had passed, and her faith resumed its empire.

"You are right," she said in a low tone. "You are right. If it can be done. . . . You must go."

He moved a step toward her, but she stood motionless. He did not dare to touch her. Her white face struggled against him, resisted him. "Go," she whispered, "go now." He turned quickly and walked out of the little room. The man in yellow hesitated and hurried after him. . . .

At first Graham could not look back. Then he looked back and saw her far off pale and steadfast with her hands clenched by her side. For an instant he could have cried aloud at the folly of this separation. For an instant the life of those latter days shone before his imagination, brilliant and seductive. Suppose even now he wished to crave for peace with Ostrog. She was still but a girl. After the shock of her disillusionment—

He saw that life of surrender, a long vista of inglorious years. He saw, too, the infinite difficulty now of such an escape, that should he submit to seek it. "No," he cried aloud, "No. . . . It is better." He turned about and went towards the flying stages.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE COMING OF THE AÉROPLANES

Two men in pale blue were lying in the irregular line stretched along the edge of the captured Roehampton stage, end to end, grasping their carbines and peering into the sky from the stage called Wimbledon Park. Now and then they spoke to one another. They spoke the mutilated English of their period. The fire of the Ostrogoites had dwindled and ceased, and the fire of the enemy had been seen for some time. But the ebullient fight that was going on now far below in the lower galleries, that stage, came every now and then between the staccato of the popular side. One of these men was describing to the other how he had seen a man down below there dodge behind a pillar, and had aimed at a guess and hit him cleanly as he dodged. "He's down there still," said the marksman. "See the little patch. Yes. Between those bars." A few yards below them lay a dead stranger, face upward to the sky, with the collar of his jacket smouldering in a circle about the neat bullet hole on his chest. Close beside him a wounded man, with a leg stretched about, sat with an expressionless face and watched the progress of that burning. Athwart the carrier lay the captured aéropile.

"I can't see him now," said the second man in a tone of provocation.

The marksman became foul-mouthed and high-voiced in his earnest endeavour to make things plain. And suddenly, in attempting him, came a noisy shouting from the substage.

"What's going on now?" he said, and raised himself on one arm to stare at the stairheads in the central groove of the stage. A number of blue figures were coming up these, and swarming across the stage to the aéropile.

"We don't want all these fools," said his friend. "They only crowd up and spoil shots. What are they after?"

"Ssh!—they're shouting something."

The two men listened. The swarming newcomers crowded about the aéropile. Three ward leaders, conspicuous by their black mantles and badges, clambered into the body and appeared above it. The rank and file flung themselves upon the bars, gripping hold of the edges, until the entire outline of the thing was manned, in some places three deep. One of the marksmen knelt up. "They're putting it on the carrier—that's what they're after."

He rose to his feet, his friend rose also. What's the good?" said his friend. "We've got no aéronauts."

"That's what they're doing, anyhow." He looked at his rifle, looked at the struggling crowd, and suddenly turned to the wounded man. "Mind these, mate," he said, handing his carbine and cartridge belt; and in a moment he was running toward the aéropile. For a quarter of an hour he was a perspiring Titan, lugging, thrusting, shouting and heeding shouts, and then the thing was done, and he stood with a multitude of others cheering their own achievement. By this time he knew, what everyone in the city knew, that the Master, raw learner though he was, intended to fly this machine himself, was coming even now to take control of it. And even as he cheered, and while the beads of sweat still chased one another from the disorder of his hair, he heard the thunder of a greater tumult, and in fitful snatches the beat and impulse of the revolutionary song. He saw through a gap in the people that a thick stream of heads still poured up the stairways. "The Master is coming!" shouted voices. "The Master is coming!" and the crowd about him grew denser and denser. He began to thrust himself towards the central groove. "The Master is coming!" "The Sleeper, the Master!" "God and the Master!" roared the growing storm of shouts.

And suddenly quite close to him were the black uniforms of the revolutionary guard, and for the first and last time in his life he saw Graham, saw him quite nearly. A tall, dark man in a black robe, with a white, resolute face and eyes fixed steadily before him; a man who for all the little things about him had neither ears nor eyes nor thoughts. For all his life he remembered the passing of that bloodless face. In a moment it had gone, and he was fighting in the swaying crowd. A lad screaming with terror thrust against him, pressing toward the stairways, yelling "Clear for the aéropile!" The bell that starts the flying stage began a disorderly clanging.

With that clanging in his ears Graham drew near the edge of the stage, marched into the shadow of its tilting wing. He heard there that a number of people about him were offering to accompany him, and waved their offers aside. He wanted to think how to reach the engine. The bell clanged faster and faster, and the retreating people roared faster and louder. The man in yellow was assisting him to mount through the ribs of the body. He helped him into the aéronaut's place, fixing himself very carefully and deliberately. What was it? The man in yellow was pointing two aéropiles driving upward in the southern sky. That—practically the thing to do now was to start. Things were being said to him, questions, warnings. They bothered him. He wanted to think about the aéropile, to recall every item of his previous experience. He waved the people from him, saw the man in yellow drag him through the ribs, saw the crowd cleft down the line of the stage by his gesture.

For a moment he was motionless, staring at the levers, the controls by which the engine shifted, and all the delicate appliances which he knew so little. His eye caught a spirit level with a bubble towards him, and he spent a dozen seconds swinging the engine forward until the bubble floated in the center of the tube. He noticed the people were not shouting, knew he was watching his deliberation. A bullet smashed on the bar above his head. Who fired? Was the line clear of people? He started to see and sat down again.

In another second the propeller was spinning, and he was up and down the guides. He gripped the wheel and swung the carrier back to lift the stem. Then it was the people shouted, and at that moment he was throbbing with the quiver of the engine, and

shouts dwindled behind. The wind whistled over the edges of the screen, and the world sank away from him very swiftly.

Throb, throb, throb—throb, throb, throb; up he drove. He fancied himself free of all excitement, felt cool and deliberate. He lifted the stem still more, opened one valve on his left wing and swept round and up. He looked down with a steady head, and up. One of the Ostrogoite aeroplanes was driving across his course, so that he drove obliquely towards it and would pass below it at a steep angle. Its little aeronauts were peering down at him. What did they mean to do? One held a weapon pointing, seemed prepared to fire. What did they think he meant to do? In a moment he understood their tactics, and his resolution was taken. He opened two more valves to his left, swung round, end on to this hostile machine, closed his valves, and shot straight at it, stem and wind-screen shielding him from the shot. They tilted a little as if to clear him. He flung up his stem.

Throb, throb, throb—pause—throb, throb—he set his teeth, contorted his face into an involuntary grimace, and crash! He struck it! He struck upward beneath the nearer wing. Very slowly the wing of his antagonist seemed to broaden as the impetus of his blow turned it up.

He felt his stem going down, his hands tightened on the levers, whirled and rammed the engine back. He felt the jerk of a clearance, the nose of the machine jerked upward steeply, and for a moment he was helpless on his back. A vast bulk, as it seemed, had fallen from under him. He made a huge effort, hung for a moment on the levers, and slowly the engine came forward again. He drove upward, but no longer so steeply. He gasped for a moment and flung himself at the levers again. The wind whistled about him. One further effort and he was almost level. He could breathe. He turned his head for the first time to see what had become of his antagonists. Turned back to the levers for a moment and looked again. For a moment he could have believed they were annihilated. And then he saw between the two stages to the east was a chasm, and down this something, a slender edge, fell swiftly and vanished, as a sixpence falls down a crack.

(To be concluded)

Our Portraits

By the death of Sir John Mowbray there has passed away the Father of the House of Commons. Only two months ago Lady Mowbray died, and her loss, after fifty years of married life, was felt severely by Sir John Mowbray. Soon afterwards he resigned the Chairmanship of the Committee of Selection of the House of Commons. Quite recently he had an attack of influenza, and after returning to the House had a fainting fit about a week ago. His strength failed, and he died last Saturday morning. Sir John Robert Mowbray was born at Exeter in 1815, and was the son of Mr. Robert Stribling Cornish. He was educated at Westminster and Christchurch, taking a Second Class in *Lit. Hum.* in 1836. During his career at Oxford he was President of the Union. He was called to the Bar in 1841, and went the Western Circuit. In 1847 he married the only daughter of Mr. George Isaac Mowbray, of Bishopwearmouth, Durham, and Mortimer, Berks, and took the name of Mowbray. He entered the House of Commons in 1853 as Conservative member for Durham City, which he represented until the end of 1868. The following year he succeeded Sir William Heathcote at Oxford University, which he has represented ever since, being invariably returned without opposition. He only held office twice, once in 1858, when he became Judge Advocate General, and again in 1866, when he held the same office. His title was conferred on him in 1880, being the last baronetcy conferred upon the advice of Lord Beaconsfield. He is succeeded by his son, Mr. Robert Gray Cornish Mowbray, M.P. for the Prestwich Division of Lancashire, who was born in 1850.—Our portrait is by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

The career of Colonel Sir Robert Warburton, who died last Saturday, is of remarkable interest. He was a son of Colonel Robert Warburton, R.A., who married a lady of the family of Dost Mohammed. Sir Robert was born in 1842, and was educated at Kensington Grammar School and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, gaining his commission in the Royal Artillery in 1861. Six years later he joined the Bengal Staff Corps. His first war service was in the Abyssinian Expedition in 1867-8. Ten years later he took part in the Expedition against the Ishkakot and Utman Khels. In 1879-80 he distinguished himself in the Afghan War, and was granted the brevet of Major. After the war he was appointed to the command of the Khyber Rifles, who were raised to secure the free passage of merchandise between Peshawar and Kabul. Colonel Warburton's knowledge of the dialects spoken on the frontier was of great service to him in his work. He kept the Pass open until 1897, when, on the announcement being made that

he was retiring, trouble broke out which culminated in the Tirah Campaign. For his services on that occasion, he was referred to in the highest terms in Parliament.

Once more we are about to enter on a little war in South Africa. The chiefs who fled when we took Benin City not long ago, have collected in the country between the capital and the Sokoto frontier, and constitute a source of danger. A British force of 200 Protectorate troops, with a seven-pounder, a machine gun, and a rocket tube, under the command of Brevet-Major C. H. P. Carter, is now concentrating at Benin City, and will proceed to dislodge these troublesome neighbours. Major Carter, who belongs to the Royal Scots, is second in command of Niger Coast Protectorate Force. He is thirty-five years of age, and has had experience in West African warfare, having taken part in the Benin Expedition of 1897, when he was mentioned in despatches and gained his brevet of major. With Major Carter will be Captains Heneker (Connaught Rangers), Gablett (Royal Welsh Fusiliers), Uniacke (19th Hussars), Chambers (Royal Artillery), Gordon (late Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), and Ringer (East Lancashire

a keen sportsman, and played golf until within a short time of his death.

Captain Coghlan and the officers of the United States cruiser *Raleigh* arrived last week at New York from the Philippines, and were entertained on Friday evening at the Union League Club, where Captain Coghlan is said to have spoken insultingly of the German flag when relating a story of Admiral Dewey's dealings with the German Admiral Diederichs in Philippine waters. Captain Coghlan, it is said, was ordered to return to the *Raleigh* at once. The German Ambassador has lodged a formal protest against Captain Coghlan's utterance at the above dinner. Captain Coghlan is said by his friends to be incapable of using the language attributed to him.

The Royal Water-Colour Society

THE man who is so devoted to water-colour art as regularly to attend the chief exhibitions at which its achievements are annually shown, has of late years had some cause to deplore the apparent monotony in the periodical displays. Quite recently, however, the signs of a vitality which keeps pace with moving thought have been more and more marked, until in the collection now on view in Pall Mall East we find that few methods of expression in water-colour are unrepresented. The older members maintain the tradition with a tenacity that is really touching; later men give us examples of what may be considered the dominant style of modern aqua-relle, while a still later party—hailing chiefly from the north—import an element of novelty that is, quite apart from merit, very welcome and very refreshing.

There is a strong Scottish flavour about this vigorous development. Mr. Paterson, with his landscapes in sober, tender silver greens and greys; Mr. Melville, with his long-known vivid and passionate suggestions of blinding sun, and formless crowds, and blotches of fine, strong colour; Mr. Robert Little with his broad compositions of dignified landscape, full of classic style in spite of all; and Mr. E. Alexander, a newcomer, whose dainty and sweetly-felt, low-toned studies of beasts or birds drawn on linen, suggestive of a Japanese kakemono, these form a band which seems to be exerting a considerable influence on the character of the exhibition. Such charming refinement as Mr. Waterlow's in his "In the Gloaming," for instance; the well-known effects of glowing repose in Mr. Tom Lloyd's sunset pictures, or the sweeping landscapes of Mr. Thorne Waite or Mr. Clarence Whaite; the gemlike accidental qualities of Mr. North's work; these can only assert themselves against the stronger work by their modest refinement and reticence. In a shouting crowd the man

who makes no sound is often noticed the most by the very silence that he keeps.

Among the stronger works are Mr. Napier Henry's "Good Luck to Your Fishing" (how unlike Mr. Watts's fanciful picture of the same name!) and Sir Francis Powell's "Sunset, Arran." But surely if in nature these great clouds hovered over the water they would fall by their very weight in waterspouts. For her *début*, we believe, as an Associate Mrs. Stanhope Forbes sends several carefully-studied contributions, the strongest of which is "The Foot Bridge," a mediæval scene, decoratively treated. Mrs. Allingham, another honoured lady member, besides her beautiful domestic landscapes with grass, and pine, and flowers, and thatch, now first exhibits a portrait of Carlyle drawn from the life—a noble head well realised. Near it is Professor Herkomer's only drawing here—a refined little head of a very beautiful and refined old lady, Mrs. Travers-Cox. Mr. Swan sends a fine composition of pumas and "The Captive Maldonado," in which the arrangement and sinuosity of line have engaged his attention to the disadvantage of colour, which is merely smoky. The beautiful flower drawing of Mr. Alfred Parsons, the elaborate picture of the celebration ball of "Nelson's Birthday at Naples," by Mr. Glindoni, the fine studies by Mr. George Clausen, and the delicate work of Mr. Lionel Smythe help to make up the variety of the exhibition. But for many—and not unworthily—the Princess Louise's extremely skilful drawing called "Dorothy" will have a special attractiveness. M.H.S.

THE LATEST WEEKLY JOURNAL.—To judge from the first two numbers of the *London Letter* now published; the new weekly ought to appeal with considerable force to the public for whom it is primarily intended, to wit, Britons beyond the seas. The policy of the *London Letter* is frankly Imperialistic, or, as it aptly calls itself, Palmerstonian, the only policy in which the Briton abroad has any faith, and, appropriately enough, too, the first number contains a most suggestive article on China, a country where, by all accounts, the Palmerstonian legend is in sad need of revival.



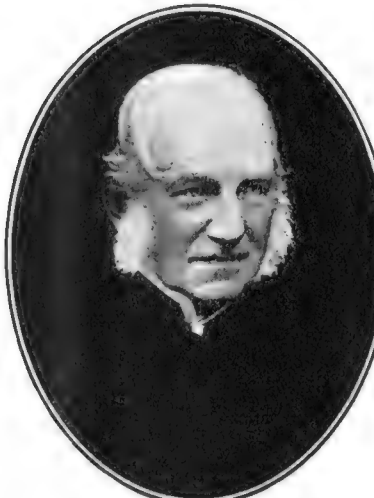
MAJOR C. H. P. CARTER
In command of the New Benin Expedition



MR. J. A. PEASE, M.P.
New Assistant Liberal Whip



CAPTAIN COGHLAN
Of the U.S. cruiser *Raleigh*



THE LATE REV. J. P. MAUD
For thirty years Vicar of Ancaster



THE LATE COL. SIR R. WARBURTON
In command of the Khyber Rifles



THE LATE SIR J. MOWBRAY, M.P.
Father of the House of Commons

Regiment). The first objective of the expedition, which is to be reinforced by 200 men of the West African Frontier Force, is Idumo, a town about sixty miles from Benin City, the headquarters of Ologboshi, the prime intriguer of the massacres which led to the Benin Expedition.—Our portrait is by J. Weston and Son, Folkestone.

The appointment of Mr. J. A. Pease, M.P., as an additional Liberal Whip was virtually decided on by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman soon after the Session began. Mr. Pease was abroad, and on his return after the Easter recess was offered the post and accepted it. Mr. Joseph Albert Pease is thirty-nine years of age. He is the son of Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease, M.P., and was educated at Tottenham School and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1881, and M.A. in 1885. In 1886 he married Ethel, daughter of the late Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, V.C. He has represented the Tyneside Division of Northumberland since July, 1892. From February, 1893, to June, 1895, he was private secretary to Mr. John Morley. Mr. Pease, who is a director of Pease and Partners, Limited, and of the Owners of the Middlesbrough Estate, Limited, is a County Councillor for Durham, and was Mayor of Darlington in 1889. He is J.P. for the North Riding of Yorkshire, and J.P. and D.L. for Durham.—Our portrait is by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

The Rev. John Primatt Maud, who died last week in his seventy-seventh year, was Vicar of Ancaster, Lincolnshire, for thirty-one years. He was educated at Westminster, where he gained a studentship at Christ Church. After a year at Oxford he went out to India and joined the 5th Madras Infantry, with which regiment he served through the second Burmese War, being present at the storming and capture of Pegu on November 21, 1852. During the Mutiny he had command of a detachment of Sikhs. In 1859 he was invalided home, and retired from the army with the rank of major. He went to Trinity College, Cambridge, took his degree, and was ordained. He resigned the living of Ancaster in 1894. Mr. Maud was



A DISABLED SAILING VESSEL TAKEN IN TOW BY A CARGO STEAMER IN MID-ATLANTIC
THE PERILS OF LIFE AT SEA

DRAWN BY FRANK BRANGWYN



NICOLAS VAN BERESTEYN AND HIS FAMILY
FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANS HALS IN THE LOUVRE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MM. NEURDEIN FRÈRES

The New Historical Play at the St. James's

A CHAT WITH MR. PERCY MACQUOID.

"THE important point in the new production, *In Days of Old*, at the St. James's Theatre?"

I sat chatting with Mr. Macquoid in his spacious, well-lighted studio, far from the sounds of traffic, hearing only the coo of the wild wood-pigeon that has made its nest in the elm tree outside, and letting my eyes rove freely amongst the carved oak panelling, the ancient armour, the litter of sketches and designs, and the glorious bits of velvet and brocades already five centuries old, yet as fresh as of yore in their ever-changing lights, and their rich, reposeful colour.

"The important point is that this period of history, about 1450, the true Gothic period, has never yet been correctly put on the stage. In fact I have had considerable difficulty in finding old prints, old pictures, and old missals whence to make my designs. Every one of these is, however, strictly right, but the work has necessitated an immense amount of research."

"The great interest of the costumes lies in the fact that they represent a transition period, a time wherein a mixture of the costumes of the preceding and the succeeding reigns may be traced; this combination completely disappeared in Henry VII.'s reign, when Italian artisans introduced Renaissance work, of which King Henry VII.'s Chapel at Cambridge, yet remains the finest and most perfect specimen. The Gothic work is very good, but severe and refined. The pattern of the embroideries is pure, and the fabric of the stuffs themselves so beautiful that no modern velvets can compare with them. Ladies in those days did not change the fashion of their clothes as often as we do now. The high cap, called 'Hennin,' remained the mode from 1395 to 1470, nearly a hundred years. Notwithstanding its inconvenience, it was worn out of doors, in the street, the town, the country, and even in the house. In fact, ladies until much later, never appeared without a head covering. With the advent of the Renaissance, dress underwent a complete change, the last touches of Gothic disappeared, plumes began to be worn in the hats and ladies' bodices grew higher. Henry VII. professed to be shocked at the décolleté appearance of the ladies of his Court, though to our ideas they would have appeared remarkably decent. Until the reign of Louis XIV. no respectable woman ever appeared with bare arms, and it was reserved for the licentious Court of Charles II. to show how low dresses could be cut to suit the fair wearer's taste."

"Most of the stuffs for the new play have been made in Paris, but the costumes of the ladies themselves were manufactured in the theatre by the clever fingers of Mrs. Evans, the wardrobe mistress, and under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander."

"The pointed shoes, called, in the language of the period, 'poulaines,' because they necessitated the walking toe first, as a chicken picks his way, caused us a good deal of trouble, but the ladies have bravely mastered the difficulty of their use, and even declare that they like dancing in them."

After noticing the shape of this quaint foot-gear, it became clear to me why the mediæval saints sculptured in niches and on windows, always stand on their tiptoes, and why knights in armour walked with their feet straight instead of being thrust out, lest their long spurs should entangle and trip them up. The dance of the four ladies who represent flowers is full of poetry and beauty. Miss Fay Davis glows like a lily in a primrose satir under-dress, and a white velvet robe sprinkled with fleurs de luce embroidered in diamonds and pearls. Miss Violet Vanbrugh looks regal in a gown of crimson satin, embroidered all over with velvet roses outlined in gold, and having a deep border of embroidery round the hem.

Miss Opp is radiant in pale lime-green satin with revers of green velvet, the legends inscribed on it being in violet, with the name of the flower in silver. Miss Beringer's dress of crocus satin is similar, but the legends inscribed are lilac with the names written in silver. Miss Violet Vanbrugh's costumes, as Margaret of Anjou, are certainly splendid, the open surcoat of ermine, with hanging sleeves showing the arms and bust, forming a special feature of the dress of the period. This might with advantage be copied, with some modifications, and worn at the present day.

As a bridal dress what can be more beautiful than Miss Fay Davis's oyster white brocatelle, embroidered on the breast with serpentine wheels of silver tracery, and belt of cloth of silver with clasp and crown and diamonds?

Nor do the gentlemen's dresses pale beside those of the ladies. As silk stockings were an anomaly, those worn are of a dull make, so as to resemble cloth. Mr. George Alexander first appears in a surcoat of cinnamon brown velvet, of a Gothic pattern, over a tunic and sleeves of black satin, thickly strewn with gold. With this he wears black stockings and moss-green shoes, and also (a speciality of the period) a "chaperon," or hat shaped like a turban, with long ends used to wrap round the neck, a head-gear which Ruskin once likened to the stalk of a violet's flower.

When he comes in from a long ride he is clothed in a grey leather jerkin over a steel-blue and moss-green velvet tunic sown with steel, and the high muddy boots are naturally exchanged for grey blue stockings. With this costume he wears a silver-grey hat.

The armour is all pure Gothic, straight wide swords, helmets, like bee-hives, and has been designed with careful accuracy. Some of it is covered with brigantines, which were moveable plates of steel riveted together, and originally the common soldier's appanage. Later on, however, the nobility took a fancy to these convenient breastplates, covered them with velvet, riveted on to the steel plates and wore them constantly.

Noel, Earl of Winnesley, is married in a full suit of Gothic armour, with high rose leather boots, and a "houppelande" or long cloak of cramoisie damask, with his crest embroidered on it in yellow and bordered with ermine. This peculiarly graceful cloak leaves the wearer's arms free. Sir Piers Beddard, another nobleman, is arrayed in red velvet, ornamented with black and steel.

Mr. Macquoid has carefully studied the general effects in the matter of costume, for, as he says, values must be considered on the stage as well as in painting. He objects to masses of vivid blue, and only uses this colour very sparingly to produce decorative

effects. A broad expanse of blue in costume, he considers, should only be worn by children or fools.

The "surcoats," the "chaperons," the "poulaines," the "houppelandes" and the "Hennins" lend a distinct character to the dress of the period, and the lavish use of embroidery, in large conventional designs, and coats of arms, give a grandeur and majesty to the tissues and materials employed. Whether in their riding dresses, such as that of Miss Fay Davis when she appears in her leather Suede "chaperon" and the Lincoln green cloth gown, or in the surcoat of crimson cloth of gold of gala occasions, or in the satin dancing dresses, with the pale lilac and roseate gauzes fluttering about and veiling their faces, every woman's costume is a picture carefully and artistically thought out in detail and entirety. Costume under these conditions, rightly conceived and executed, becomes not a mere feminine pastime, but a study in art, and reaches an importance which the ordinary theatrical dresses, pretty and fascinating as they may be, fail to attain.

The mediæval atmosphere, the fine historical associations, the rainbow colours and glow of the purples and the greens, the shimmer of gold and silver, the clash of arms, and din and glory of battle, seemed to cling about me still, as I left the studio and silently descended into the dull and gloomy street. "Happy," said I to myself, "is the man whose hand can make the past live again in all its glory, and whose home is among things lovely, in the House Beautiful."

VIOLET GREVILLE.

Mr. Gambart at Home

In a villa—a marble palace—overlooking the Baie des Anges at Nice lives Mr. Gambart, in his own way one of the most remarkable men of his day. Whether regarded as a picture dealer of extraordinary taste, foresight, and astuteness, or as a nonagenarian who could give most youths one mile in five and beat them, he is a



MR. GAMBART
Art Patron and Picture Dealer

noteworthy personality. Inasmuch as on three occasions he has been the means of enlivening the apartments of the Queen with exquisite examples of English, French, and Spanish art, lent from the superb collection of pictures in his own house, he has a claim on the regard of Englishmen, beyond the respect due to him as a clever but honest dealer.

He was but a youth when he came to England, a Belgian peasant, and began his career by selling pictures, so it is said, in the streets. He soon made his way, and became the most influential intermediary between the artists of the Continent and the collectors of this country. It was he who, a generous patron, brought Mr. Alma-Tadema to England; to Madame Rosi Bonheur, too, he was also, commercially speaking, a great benefactor, and induced her to visit Scotland and to produce her wonderful series of Scottish pictures and cartoons, some of the latter, as well as works by the afore-mentioned painter, being among his most treasured possessions. But he soon extended his operations, and even when he was presiding over the French gallery he dealt with English art both as a picture-dealer and a print-publisher. In the latter capacity, Mr. Gambart told the present writer, he published his most successful plate—namely, "The Light of the World," by Mr. Holman Hunt, from which he cleared more than 10,000*l*.



MR. GAMBART'S HOUSE AT NICE

And now he lives—*il principe Gambarti*, the natives sometimes call him—in his splendid house, with hundreds of yards of garden, houses, and one of the finest private shows of rhododendrons in France; he is the Spanish consul and has, he boasts, been presented with the signed photographs of all the principal royal personages who have made Nice their home for years past. But his vitality which is the chief marvel about the man. "What is the secret of your wonderful health?" a friend once asked an aged youth. "It is," quietly replied Mr. Gambart, with a twinkle of his eye, "that early in life it pleased the Almighty to give me with an infirmity." He is not only vigorous, but quick-tempered, and woe betide the guest who appears at one of his receptions in a shooting jacket. With one place at Nice (and for the summer) at Spà, he probably does not regret leaving the Avenue Road; but even now he is not infrequently seen at the private view of the Royal Academy. Our photograph is of him at Nice.

The Queen at Cimiez

THIS is the Queen's last week on the Riviera, for the homeward journey begins next Tuesday. Her Majesty has decided to return by her favourite old route—Cherbourg and Portsmouth, instead of by Boulogne and Folkestone as on the outward trip. So the Royal party will leave Cimiez early in the morning of May 2 and reach Cherbourg on the next afternoon. The night will be spent on board the *Victoria and Albert* in harbour, ready for the crossing on Thursday, the Queen being expected at Windsor in time for dinner that evening.

Very changeable weather has been experienced by the Royal party at Cimiez. High winds and rain have alternated with bright warm days, although the Queen has not been kept at home from her daily outings. Our illustrations opposite shows Her Majesty having tea by the roadside during her afternoon drive. On these occasions an Indian servant is sent on ahead with the tea baskets and an improvised table, which fits into the carriage from door to door. He makes tea on the ground in some convenient nook or corner by the side of the road, and lays the table. The Queen having arrived, the Highland servant gets down from the box and helps the Indian to put the table in position. The Indian pours out the tea, and the Highlander waits close at hand. The two outriders dismount, and the road often being a bit uphill stones are put at the back wheels. The outriders are given a cup of tea at the finish. Falcon, on the road to which the Queen had tea a few days ago, is a pretty mountain village a few miles out of Nice. Her Majesty has given great pleasure to her Nicols hosts by agreeing to open the new bridge over the Paillon River, at the foot of the Cimiez Hill. The bridge is to be called the Pont Victoria and Her Majesty intended to inaugurate it on Thursday by driving across with a little extra ceremony. There has been the usual succession of visitors at the Hotel Regina, including young Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark, in whom the Queen took so much interest when their engagement was settled at the bride's home, Cannes, and Prince Albert of Monaco.

The Prince of Wales has only been in town for a short time. After attending a meeting of the British Museum Committee, and going to the theatre on Saturday, he spent Sunday at Sandringham, whence he went to Newmarket for the First Spring Meeting. He will be back in town on Monday to preside at the dinner of the London Lifeboat Saturday Fund, and next day will start for Chester on his visit to Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis West for the races.

The Duke and Duchess of York bade good-bye to Ireland on Monday, when they left for North Wales. The Duke of Connaught is in Germany settling business connected with his new position as heir to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. He first went to Gotha, where he had an official reception as heir, and then accompanied Duke Alfred to Wartburg to see Emperor William.

St. Hubert's Day

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in "Quentin Durward," says: "The vocation in the Middle Ages had its protecting saint. The Duke of Burgundy was placed under the direction of St. Hubert. This saint, who was the son of Bertana, Duke of Aquitaine, and, while in the secular state, was a courtier of King Pepin. He was passionately fond of the chase, and used to neglect attendance on Divine Worship for this amusement. While he was engaged in this pastime, a stag appeared before him, having a crucifix bound between his antlers, and he heard a voice which menaced him with eternal punishment if he did not repent of his sins. He retired from the world and took Orders, his wife having also to retreat to the cloister. He became afterwards Bishop of Maestricht and Liege, and, from his zeal in destroying remnants of idolatry, is called the Apostle of the Ardennes and of Brabant. Those who were descended of his line were supposed to possess the power of curing persons bitten by mad dogs."

The Feast of St. Hubert is kept in Brussels and the whole of Belgium. In the country Mass is still celebrated with all picturesqueness on St. Hubert's Day. The Barons de Craon kept a pack of foxhounds and also of harriers at Bievre, in the Ardennes, writes a correspondent, kindly invited me to stay a few days with them at their hunting box. On the feast of St. Hubert we all went in full hunt costume at 9 a.m. to the church, where a special Mass was said, and a basket of bread was placed on the altar and blessed by the priest. The bread was then taken to the church door and given to the hounds by the huntsmen. The musical honours were given by three barons, three picqueurs (servants), and a number of the hunt on the French or English horns, which are worn over one shoulder and under the other, but are taken off to blow.



THE QUEEN AT CIMIEZ: HER MAJESTY HAVING TEA BY THE ROADSIDE DURING AN AFTERNOON DRIVE TO FALICON
DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY J. HAYWARD

Newfoundland may be described as the paradise of sportsmen and anglers. The splendid caribou or reindeer are found in the interior in thousands, and afford the finest sport to the deer-stalker. The Newfoundland

Northern and Western Railway, which now reaches over 500 miles from St. John's, traverses forests abounding in caribou, and the scene depicted, which was witnessed one moonlight night, is by no means uncommon.

A RACE FOR LIFE: AN INCIDENT IN A RAILWAY JOURNEY IN NEWFOUNDLAND



CELEBRATING ST. HUBERT'S DAY AT BIEVRE IN THE ARDENNES: THE HUNT GOING TO MASS

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

The New Gallery

By M. H. SPIELMANN

If you were to listen to all that is said you would probably come to believe—owing to the iteration of the statement—that the death of Burne-Jones, the absence of one man, has so altered the character of the annual exhibition in Regent Street, that the New Gallery has become a mere nursery of the Royal Academy. If “vestibule” were the word used the contention might in some measure be allowed; but the truth is that, apart from the tremendous hiatus left through Sir Edward’s disappearance, the New Gallery does really fulfil its mission. We still find in it the amiably eccentric, the individual, the mildly audacious—not as at the New Salon, of course, for the New English Art Club lives to filter off the experiments and the jokes which are not permitted within the purlieus of “HalléCarnassus.” The serious schools may be said to be represented, it is true, from the ultra-academic to those of freer handling and more obtrusive dexterity; but Manet shows no disciple here, and Monet might never have existed. “Pointillism” is dead—the streaky, the woolly (the intentionally woolly, we mean), the startlingly primary, and so forth, are absent, and what the general public call the sane calmly resumes its sway.

It is in the section of portraiture that the exhibition is strongest. Some very fine works are here that will certainly not be forgotten. In the front rank we place Mr. G. F. Watts’s admirable portrait of General Roberts. He has invested the great fighting man with exactly that measure of romance—we had well-nigh said poetry—with which his exploits have surrounded him. To unite the real and the ideal—to make a hero before our eyes out of a man whose features make no special claim to beauty—is the task and the triumph of the artist, and Mr. Watts has set before us, in this red-coated warrior who faces the spectator, the man of action, clear of eye and firm of expression, behind whose soldierly bearing we are made to feel the gentlest nature and the warmest heart. It is, perhaps, hardly a “gallery” picture in the modern challenging sense: it is thrown into that poetic distance which the matter-of-fact beholder would often exchange for something more startlingly realistic. Superb examples of such work are not wanting here. The two portraits by Sir George Reid, “Professor Masson,” and “The Rev. Alexander McLaren” are brilliant specimens of that painter’s handicraft, even though they are slightly marred by a tendency to melodrama. The latter is especially fine. Mr. Sargent’s “Colonel Ian Hamilton” is hardly less notable in its calmly violent way: the character of his nervous hands and head is perfectly rendered, but this is not a supreme work from such a painter. Mr. Shannon is at the opposite pole: and never has he done better than in his fascinating full-length of “Lady Henry Cavendish Bentinck”—Romneyish perhaps, but in softened grey tone—in criticism of which it can only be urged that the hollyhocks come too far forward. But here is a lady, exquisitely elegant and refined, and as graceful as both. Equally charming and ladylike is the little girl called “Magnolia”—with its beautiful greys and pinks. Truly, the ladies are as fortunate in their painter as he is in them. Mr. Jack shows more flashy vigour in his “Mrs. Hal Hurst,” but the Velasquez-treated dress of black and silver is more assertive than the careful and somewhat laboured head. The equestrian portrait of “Philip Flering,” by Mr. Robert Brough, is also based on the Spanish master—but admirably drawn alike in the figure of the handsome boy and the finely proportioned horse which he reins in, and handled with delightful and quite justifiable freedom. But the key is so low that Time will assuredly blacken it.

The subject pictures are not generally so remarkable, though Mr. Holman Hunt’s “Miracle of Sacred Fire”—already described in these columns, must be considered an astonishing achievement. Mr. Watts shows “Dedication”—an angel of pity weeping before the altar of vanity, on which the bodies of pretty iridescent birds are lying slaughtered—a pretty appeal to ladies to forswear the eradicating fashion-war they wage against the birds of paradise. Mr. Spencer Watson has a highly interesting group of a “Mother and Child,” in which he does not shirk difficulties of colour; Mr. Austen Brown an over-forced “In a Calf Shed,” yet impressive and well painted. Mr. Harcourt’s “Forgiven,” is a touching group, suggestive of Rossetti’s “Found,” and Mrs. Swynnerton has a fresco-like figure in which fusion of colour and beauty of limb are not sought.

In landscape Mr. Edward Stott asserts a mastery of colour, atmosphere, and character that are becoming yearly more marked, and Mr. Alfred East, in “The Land that Shakespeare Loved,” gives a tender grey rendering of tree by waterside at eventide. Mr. Parsons and Mr. Thorne Waite belong to a more practical school, and make contributions that will have many admirers. The marines include Mr. Napier Hemmy’s “Derelict Boat” and Mr. Edwin Hayes’ “Trawlers.”

The sculpture is, on the whole, not very important, with the exception of Mr. Toft’s famous bust of Mr. Gladstone.



THE WRECK OF THE S.S. “MOHEGAN”: MEMORIAL WINDOW AT ST. KEVERNE CHURCH

Drawings by Mr. Dana Gibson

“PICTORIAL COMEDY” is the title of a new publication which is to appear monthly, illustrating the humorous phases of life as depicted by eminent artists. The first number has just been issued, and to say that it is chiefly devoted to the work of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson is to admit at once that it is worth buying. The collection includes eight drawings from “The Education of Mr. Pipp” series, in which, as usual with Mr. Gibson, the American father cuts a poor figure by the side of his magnificent daughters, and a number of other sketches from Mr. Gibson’s vigorous pencil. This artist, indeed, has done for American society what Mr. Du Maurier did for England, and he is rapidly making a splendid gallery of young men and maidens typical of the finest development of the race.



On this occasion Mr. Pipp follows instructions he has received, and appears interested
THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.—No. VII.

From No. 1 of “Pictorial Comedy,” published by James Henderson.

DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON

The “Mohegan” Memorial

IN the disaster that befell the s.s. *Mohegan* on the Cornish coast last October, 106 persons lost their lives. Many of the bodies were taken up to St. Keverne Church, and a large proportion of these were subsequently interred in the adjoining churchyard. The Atlantic Transport Company, who owned the ill-fated vessel, very generously fell in with a suggestion of the Rev. Canon Diggins, Vicar of St. Keverne, that a memorial window might suitably be erected in the beautiful old priory church of St. Keverne in memory of those who perished in the wreck. At the request of the Company, Mr. Bodley prepared designs on the lines that Canon Diggins had sketched. The work of manufacturing the glass was entrusted to Messrs. Burlison and Grylls, who have produced a window equally worthy of the ancient church that it is intended to adorn. The small lights at the top are fitted in with cherubs and with the evangelistic symbols. In the centre of the window there is a beautiful representation of Jesus in glory. On his right is the figure of St. Keverne in Eucharistic vestments bearing a chalice; on his left a picture of St. Christopher carrying the Christ Child through the waters. Below the centre figure the Saviour is seen lifting St. Peter out of the sea. On the sides are representations respectively of Christ stilling the tempest, of St. Paul being received on the shore by the natives of Malta subsequent to his shipwreck. At the foot of the window is the following inscription:—“To the glory of God and in memory of the 106 persons who perished in the wreck of the s.s. *Mohegan* on the Manacle Rocks, October 14th, 1898, this window was erected by the Atlantic Transport Company, owners of the vessel.”

“Place aux Dames”

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

ALL one’s notions of the fitness of things seemed to be upset last week. One day we worshipped at the shrine of Lord Beaconsfield, and adorned ourselves with his favourite flower, rising to positive enthusiasm at the Primrose League meeting, under the mellifluous accents of Mr. Balfour. The next day came the Primrose wedding, when Lord Rosebery wore a bunch of primroses in his buttonhole, and the bridesmaids were dressed in primrose and white. The juxtaposition of events was certainly curious, and the placards bearing the legends, “Primrose Day” and the “Primrose Wedding,” must inevitably have caused inextricable confusion in the minds of any distinguished foreigners present in the streets.

Lady Margaret Primrose’s presents were, of course, superb, especially the diamond tiara given her by her father, and the riviere presented by her husband. The twisted ropes of small pearls ended by jewelled tassels reminded one of a Florentine jewel, and the large ruby ring might have been worn by a Medici beauty. The point d’Alençon lace which trimmed her gown was said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette, that unfortunate Queen whose spoils, dispersed over all the world, adorn the necks of modern millionaires, and with its priceless delicacy and beauty formed the fitting decoration of a wedding gown. Lady Juliette Lowther, the tall and graceful daughter of Lady de Grey, made her first appearance in public, but among the train of young bridesmaids none looked prettier than the bridegroom’s eldest daughter, Lady Annabel Crewe-Milnes.

I am glad to see that the monotony of the same Christian names is gradually disappearing. People are growing tired of the eternal Evelyns, Ediths, and Sybils, and are searching further afield for novelty. In one page only of a morning paper I read recently these quaint names, which are certainly out of the common, “Florida,” “Maryel,” “Rea,” and “Kythé.” Lady Currie’s granddaughter is named Pera in reminiscence of her birth during the stay of her grandmother at Constantinople, and the newest royal engagement is that of Princess Julia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Here we have, therefore, several new and original names, an agreeable variation from those which have our ears habituated. It is a mistake to tell girls by their mother’s and relations’ names, and sometimes an inconvenient when, often happens, the name is the same as the Christian name. Then we have such disagreeable appellations as “Old Mary,” “Mary senior,” or “Dowager Mary.” As far as possible, let each have our own name, by which we are known, and in the use of which there can be no mistake. Quantities of the old names are still unused, and even among the flowers we can still find an endless choice. Ivy, Olive, Lily, Rose and Violet are common enough, but why not Ilex, Crocus, Luce,

Stephanotis, Cyclamen, Laurel, Lotus, Amaryllis, Erica and Acanthus?

Lady Jeune discoursed last Sunday in a contemporary on the advantages of the country. Few, indeed, would dispute her opinions, yet the smart and fashionable world now scarcely appreciates the charm of rural life as much as did our ancestors. To enjoy the full delights of the country, leisure and repose are pre-eminently necessary, and what does the modern visitor know of repose in his week-end visits, or his hurried moves from one place to another? The quiet beauty of the summer's evening is lost in the clatter and turmoil of a hot dinner party. The restful, healthy sleep, the true reward of nature to her votaries, escapes our eyelids when we roam only as strangers from one spot to another, and the ever-changing sights and sounds of bird and flower life can only be appreciated by the man who makes his garden his home and his hobby.

The middle classes love the country far better. The shop girls and the shop boys hurry out on their bicycles at the dawn of day, leave behind them the suburbs—the imitation country—and plunge freely into the leafy recesses of wood and copse, fill their hands full of primroses and blue bells, resting their aching limbs on a carpet of green moss. To them the country is the country, just a beautiful, quiet, restful place, filled with freedom and designed for enjoyment. The railways have brought rural spots within the reach of the poorest, and while the old families are breaking up their homes and selling their ancestral estates, the poor are pouring into the pure fresh air, and, wherever practicable, the middle-class man buys his little cottage and his plot of ground, and in order to know the full zest of the country, grows his roses, keeps his bees, and tends his chickens.

Suburban race meetings, the newest opportunity for smart women to show off their dresses, are now in full swing. Even if Epsom and Sandown do not quite give the tone of the latest mode as definitely as does the first race meeting in Paris, many pretty clothes are worn. The cloth dresses, the short, shapely coats, the straw hats blossom forth with the spring. Never does a pretty woman look to greater advantage than on a racecourse in



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM

her neat workmanlike frocks and her bright light-coloured head-gear. This year especially the tailor-made gowns are particularly neat and flat with their drapings and stitchings, often in a contrasting colour of silk from the dress itself.

THE social event of last week to which reference has already been made was the marriage of Lord Rosebery's daughter, Lady Margaret Primrose, to the Earl of Crewe. The ceremony took place in Westminster Abbey, and evoked an extraordinary amount of public interest. Long before the opening of the Abbey doors the people began to collect, and in a short time the crowd grew to vast proportions. Inside the Abbey, which was decorated for the occasion, there was a brilliant gathering, which included the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, the Austrian Ambassador, the Duchess of Cleveland, Lord Kimberley, Lady Jeune, Lord Dufferin, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Lord and Lady Rothschild, and many other distinguished persons. Lord Crewe was accompanied by Lord Chesterfield as his best man. The bridesmaids were Lady Sybil Primrose, elder sister of the bride, Ladies Annabel, Celia and Cynthia Crewe Milnes, daughters of the bridegroom, the Hon. Maud and Margaret Wyndham, daughters of Lord Leconfield, the Hon. Evelina Rothschild, daughter of Lord Rothschild, Miss Louise Hirsch, Lady Juliette Lowther, daughter of the late Earl of Lonsdale, and Miss Muriel White, daughter of Mr. Henry White, of the United States Embassy in London. The officiating clergy were the Master of Trinity, the Dean of Westminster, Canon Blackburne, Vicar of Crewe Green, Crewe, the Precentor of the Abbey, and the other Canons of the Abbey. A reception and luncheon, given at Lord Rosebery's house, was attended by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and about 500 other guests. Later in the day the Earl and Countess of Crewe left town for Welbeck Abbey, placed at their disposal by the Duke and Duchess of Portland for the early part of the honeymoon.

Lady Annabel Crewe-Milnes

Miss M. Wyndham

Hon. Evelina Rothschild

Miss M. White

Lady Juliette Lowther



Lady Celia Crewe-Milnes

Lady Sybil Primrose

Lady Cynthia Crewe-Milnes

Miss Louise Hirsch

Miss Wyndham

THE BRIDESMAIDS

THE CREWE-PRIMROSE WEDDING

From Photographs by J. Thompson, Grosvenor Street



The Harz Mountains Railway

To connect, for strategic purposes, the two lines of railway running east and west on either side of the Harz by a line through the mountains was a project which won the approbation of Moltke some twenty years ago, and surveys were then ordered to be made by the Minister of Railways. The estimated cost, however, was so great that the scheme came to nothing, and it was not till the year 1896 that a company took the matter in hand and commenced laying the line from both ends simultaneously. In spite of the great technical difficulties encountered, the work was finished within two years at a cost of 275,000*l.*, and last summer the line was opened to traffic. The railway runs from Wernigerode in the north of the Harz Mountains to Nordhausen in the south—a distance of some forty miles—with a branch line up the famous Brocken, the goal of all travellers in the Harz Mountains. It is a single line with a meter gauge, and has in many parts a gradient of 1 in 30. It is expected to have a large passenger traffic, as the number of tourists visiting the Harz Mountains is always augmenting—15,000 persons annually have climbed the Brocken alone for many years past—and, in addition, the line passes through a district rich in coal and other minerals. The railway, however, will spoil many a beautiful view, and the fir-clad Harz, beloved of Goethe and Heine and many another famous German, will lose much of the peculiar charm it exercised over those who knew it before the locomotive had penetrated its rocky fastnesses and dealt a death-blow to the old-world superstitions and legends which lingered on amongst its inhabitants. Our illustration shows one of the stopping-places near Wernigerode, in the valley of the “Steinerne Renne,” as the rocky bed of the Holtemme, which swells to a mountain torrent in rainy weather, is called.

THE NEW RAILWAY THROUGH THE HARZ MOUNTAINS: THE STATION, “STEINERNE RENNE”

without exception, well written, and, notwithstanding their brevity, remarkably complete and detailed. The fact that each life has been undertaken by a different writer, and by one who is himself an adept in the profession of which his subject is so brilliant an example, adds greatly to the value of the book.

The twelve soldiers selected by the editor and Colonel Cooper King, as representative of the military genius of the nation, are Cromwell (by Lieutenant-Colonel Cooper King and the editor), Marlborough (Hon. J. W. Fortescue), Peterborough (Major Cooper), Wolfe (General Sir Archibald Alison), Clive (Colonel F. Adams and the editor), Coote (Lieutenant-Colonel Pratt), Heathfield (Lieutenant-Colonel Adye), Abercromby (Lieutenant-Colonel à Court), Lake (Major E. S. May), Baird (Captain Count Gleichen), Moore (Major C. B. Mayne), and Wellington (Major-General Maurice). In addition to these names we should mention that Field-Marshal Lord Roberts contributes an interesting and critical introduction to the volume.

By publishing the records of the lives of all of these great commanders under one cover, Mr. Wilkinson enables his readers to compare, without difficulty, their different characteristics, and to contrast their different methods of waging war and of handling their troops on the field of battle. Before Marlborough's time, armies were drawn up and battles fought according to certain recognised rules, but he struck out a line for himself. At Blenheim, for instance, the author says:—

Marlborough, throwing with better reason all text books to the winds, formed his line of battle with cavalry in the centre and infantry on the flanks. Further, to cover the passage of the cavalry over the river, he formed his horse in two lines, covered by a line of infantry both in front and in rear. It seemed a *bizarre* formation to the French, but they understood its purport before the day was over. . . . The British battalions dashed themselves in vain against Blenheim and Eugene strove in vain to produce a serious impression on the Elector; but in the centre Marlborough passed squadron after squadron, though not without great difficulty and heavy loss over the Nebel, and at last was ready for a decisive charge against the French centre. The attack was delivered at a “grand trot,” and the French cavalry, not yet broken of the pernicious habit of using mis-sile instead of shock action, fired a feeble volley from the saddle and turned tail. Then, as was to be expected, the flanks of the two armies which Tallard had failed to make one, swerved back to right and left instead of rallying on a common centre, leaving a wide gap between them. Through this gap Marlborough's horse poured irresistibly, and the left division bringing up their right shoulders swept the French cavalry into the Danube. The twenty-six battalions in Blenheim were surrounded and taken prisoners.

Lord Roberts says in his introduction:—

I agree with Marlborough's biographer in ascribing his success in a great measure to his striking out a line for himself and not adhering too closely to professional rules.

A noticeable fact about all of these great generals is that they were all strict disciplinarians, but were all the same beloved by their men, and that as young officers, nearly every one of them, by strict attention to duty, by constant drilling, and by attending to the material comforts of their men, succeeded in making his particular regiment the smartest and most efficient in the army. For instance, Cromwell, in the year 1642, was captain of No. 97 Troop of Horse, the following year he was colonel of the whole cavalry. We are told that:—

His men were picked out as being “honest and steadfast,” and were from the outset more in earnest and better disciplined than the “tapsters and serving men” whom the Parliament were raising elsewhere. . . . It is said that “not a man swears, but he pays his twelve pence: no plundering, no drinking, disorder or impiety allowed.” Men such as these, men so selected, formed the famous regiment of Ironsides.

Again, of Heathfield, the hero of Gibraltar, it was written by a contemporary writer:—

That it was mainly owing to his exemplary attention that the two troops of Horse Grenadiers became the finest corps of heavy cavalry in Europe.

Of the 51st Regiment, of which Moore had at one time the command, his biographer says:—

The splendid spirit and discipline that the 51st Regiment displayed in the long Peninsular War were admittedly due to Moore's training.

And of Wellington General Maurice writes:—

Wellesley, after a few months' peace command during which he had had time to earn for the 33rd the reputation of being the best drilled and most efficient regiment in Ireland.

Another lesson that is to be learnt from these wars is the necessity of having good marching regiments. Our present commanders have seen the value of this, and of late years our army has had much more practice at route marching than it had formerly. Marlborough owed many of his victories to the fact that he could move his army quickly from one place to another, and his successes would have been more had it not been for the stupidity of the Dutch deputies, who would not allow him to open the engagements. The Hon. Fortescue tells us that when Marlborough went as commander-in-chief to Flanders,

“From Cromwell to Wellington”*

GREAT credit is due to Mr. Spenser Wilkinson for the thoroughness and care with which he has carried out his project of bringing together into one volume the biographies of twelve of the greatest soldiers that this country has produced. Many voluminous works on the individual lives of these men have been written, but to the majority of people neither the time nor the patience is given to read through them. The lives contained in the present volume are,

* “From Cromwell to Wellington.” Edited by Spenser Wilkinson. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

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RANJITSINHJI ON CRICKET.
IN THIS WEEK'S **GOLDEN PENNY**
there is an interesting interview with Prince Ranjitsinhji on Cricketing matters; also a most amusing set of
CARTOONS OF "RANJI" on the cricket field.
This, however, is but one item in a full budget of interesting reading, which includes an important article on
HOW TO CAMP OUT, with full particulars of the expense of outfit, provisions, &c.
ESTABLISHED 1851.
BIRKBECK BANK, Southampton Buildings, London, W.C.
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Kills Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Beetles.
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ALL SIZES. BEST QUALITY.
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ARE NOW OFFERING A
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Which have been made up from REMNANTS and from OLD PATTERNS, and are
SOLD AT VERY LOW PRICES.
These Carpets are bordered all round, and are ready for laying down. On application, if sizes required be given, prices and particulars of stock will be sent.
WILTON SEAMLESS SQUARES.
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A LARGE PURCHASE of these splendid CARPETS has just been completed, which enables the firm to offer a few sizes at a GREAT REDUCTION in PRICE.

SIZES.		PRICES.	SIZES.		PRICES.
Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.
13	6 by 9	0 5 0	14	0 by 11	0 8 5 0
11	0 by 10	0 6 15 0	15	0 by 11	0 8 16 0
12	0 by 10	0 6 5 0	13	0 by 12	0 8 5 0
13	6 by 10	0 7 0 0	14	0 by 12	0 8 15 0
12	0 by 11	0 7 0 0	16	0 by 12	0 10 0 0
13	0 by 11	0 7 12 0			

1,500 LARGE-SIZED DECCAN RUGS. Offered at about Half the Importer's Price, viz., at 8s. 9d. EACH.
Sample Rug (carriage paid to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom) 9s. 6d.
PERSIAN CARPETS.
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Persian Carpets are acknowledged to be the Best Wearing of all the Well-known Eastern Floor Coverings. The following sizes of these Carpets are OFFERED AT LOW PRICES for CASH, being on ordinary prices a
REDUCTION OF ABOUT 4s. IN THE £:—

SIZES.		PRICES.	SIZES.		PRICES.
Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.	Ft. in.	Ft. in.	£ s. d.
14	0 by 10	4 7 5 0	11	8 by 10	7 7 15 0
14	10 by 9	8 7 4 0	14	5 by 10	10 7 16 0
14	7 by 10	4 8 3 8	14	9 by 10	1 8 1 6
14	8 by 10	8 8 10 0	14	0 by 9	7 11 0
14	8 by 10	6 7 14 0	14	1 by 10	6 7 8 0
14	10 by 8	7 12 0	14	1 by 10	7 1 0
14	7 by 10	5 7 12 0	15	5 by 10	6 8 2 0
14	9 by 10	7 17 0	15	0 by 10	8 3 0
14	6 by 10	6 7 18 0	15	0 by 10	2 6 7 6
14	8 by 10	6 6 8 6	15	3 by 11	2 8 10 0
14	7 by 10	4 9 8 0	15	9 by 11	5 7 10 0
14	8 by 11	0 2 0	16	3 by 11	7 8 17 0
14	1 by 10	6 7 8 0			

2,500 PERSIAN KURD CARPETS,
At 13s. 9d. each. Size about 8ft. 6in. by 4ft. 6in.
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The Trade Supplied.
JAP RUGS, 6s. 9d. Each.
Size, 6ft. by 3ft. All Special Designs, which cannot be obtained elsewhere.
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the object of a campaign in those days was not necessarily to seek out an enemy and beat him. The two alternatives prescribed by the best authorities were to fight at an advantage, or to "subsist comfortably." Thus to enter an enemy's borders and keep him marching backwards and forward for weeks without giving him a chance of striking a blow was esteemed no small success.

He goes on to say that what the French Court loved above all was a siege. Flanders contained a great number of fortified towns, and war in such a country was inevitably a war of sieges, and the Court of Versailles delighted in them, for it could attend the ceremony in State and take nominal charge of the operations with much glory and with little discomfort and danger. When Marlborough arrived he started his army on a series of rapid marches. Four separate times, in one campaign, by quick marches, he forced the French in such positions that they must inevitably have been beaten; and on each occasion the Dutch Deputies interfered and prevented a blow being struck. Immediately before the Battle of Blenheim, Marlborough moved the whole of his army of 35,000 men a distance of twenty miles in twenty-four hours.

Perhaps of all the chapters the one that will prove the most interesting to general readers will be that on Heathfield and his gallant defence of Gibraltar. The siege lasted three years, seven months, and twelve days, and during that time the losses of the garrison were 333 killed, 536 died of sickness, 138 disabled by wounds and discharged, 773 wounded and recovered, and 43 deserted. The ammunition expended between September 12, 1779, and February 3, 1783, is calculated at 200,600 rounds from the batteries, and 4,728 from the gunboats, while the estimate of the Spanish expenditure between April 12, 1781, and February 2, 1783, is 244,104 rounds from the land batteries, and 14,283 from gunboats.

The volume is of great interest and value, and we cannot do better than endorse the opinion of Lord Roberts, who says:—

This volume, which contains the memoirs of twelve famous British soldiers, embraces a period in the history of the Empire extending from 1642 to 1852, and should strongly appeal to a nation which owes its possessions abroad and its security at home not only to the gallantry and endurance of its naval and military forces, but to the ability of their commanders. And I feel sure that it will appeal to an army such as ours, which is justly proud of its achievements and traditions.

A Pigeon Post

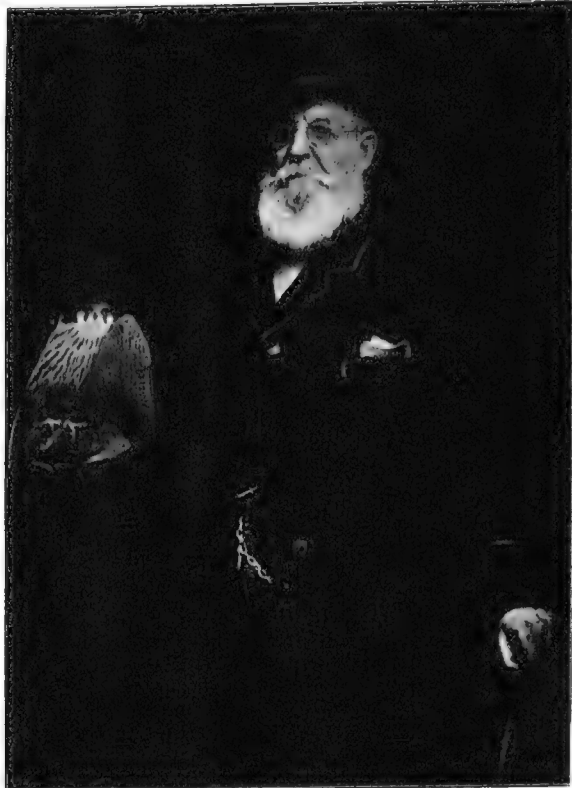
SOMETHING unique in the way of a postage stamp has been forwarded to us by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., of Ipswich. The stamp is from Great Barrier Island, some distance from the New Zealand coast. There is no telegraph cable to Great Barrier Island, and the ordinary mails for letters are infrequent and uncertain; so that a pigeon post has been established since November, 1897, and has been successfully worked ever since. The pigeons are sent out from Auckland by vessels as occasions offer, and liberated when messages are required to be sent. These messages, which are called "pigeon-grams," are written in pencil on the thinnest of tissue paper slips, about eight by three inches, the address being at the top. The postage stamp is affixed on the message itself and obliterated, as of course envelopes cannot be used. The stamps were first issued last November, the post having been in operation twelve months without the use of stamps. Only 1,800 of this first type have been printed.



The "Pigeon-gram" Stamp

The Late Mr. Joseph Wolf

MR. JOSEPH WOLF, who died last week at the age of seventy-nine, was a well-known artist and painter of animals. Sir Edwin Landseer once said of him that "he was the best all-round painter of animals that ever lived." He was the son of a farmer, and was born at Munstermayfeld, near Coblenz. As a boy he showed great aptitude for drawing wild animals and birds, and possessed remarkable knowledge of their habits. He was apprenticed to a lithographer in Antwerp. Later he illustrated Professor Schlegel's work on falconry, and this made him known in this country,



THE LATE MR. JOSEPH WOLF
From the Portrait by Lance Calkin

whither he came in 1848 by invitation, to illustrate Gray's "Genera of Birds." Then for a while he worked for the Proceedings of the Zoological and Linnæan Societies. But his best work was in water-colours. His pictures are nearly all in private hands. They passed straight from his easel to the collectors. The Queen, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Argyll, and the Sutherland family possess many examples of his work. Mr. Wolf's studio used to be a resort of explorers, artists, and scientific men, and he reckoned Darwin and Owen among his friends.

The Connaught Ambulance Shield

THE first competition for this shield, instituted by the Duke of Connaught before relinquishing the command, has just taken place. Points were awarded for speed, knowledge, drill, and method of rendering first aid to the wounded. The competing teams were placed as follows:—2nd Somerset Light Infantry, 890; 2nd Devon Regiment, 877; 1st R. Dublin Fusiliers, 797; 2nd W. Yorkshire Regiment, 795; 2nd Cameron Highlanders, 756; 1st Durham Light Infantry, 752; 2nd Queen's R.W. Surrey Regiment, 655 points. In addition to the handsome trophy, the winning team obtained a money prize of 8*l.*, a second prize of 4*l.* being also given. The judges were Lieutenant-Colonel Woodlands, Major James, and



Captains Louis Hughes and Parry, R.A.M. Corps. The designing and modelling of the trophy were entrusted to Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street and Oxford Street.

THE FIRST SOD OF THE COMING GLASGOW EXHIBITION was cut on Saturday with much ceremony. The Exhibition is to be opened on May 1, 1901, and the promoters hope that some Royal personage may perform the inaugural ceremony. Like its predecessor, the Exhibition is to be held in Kelvingrove Park, but it will be on a much larger scale, covering at least twenty acres.

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PART IV.	CATTLE	=	=	131-170

NOTICE

"THE information contained in 'Accidents and Ailments' is offered as likely to be of assistance in the treatment of such Animals as are indicated by the Title Page, in some instances probably ensuring a complete cure or at all events a reduction of diseases and alleviation of injuries. Such treatment will be more effectual, through the proper mode of application of Elliman's Embrocation being known, and in these pages treatment is rendered clearer than is possible in a paper of directions wrapped round a bottle.

"It will be apparent that Elliman's Embrocation is not recommended as the sole and exclusive treatment necessary in every case. The decision as to what cases require the services of a Veterinary Surgeon must be left to the discretion of the Owner of the Animal.

"The one aim of the Book is to treat of Ailments where Elliman's Embrocation can be usefully employed, and to offer other information which may be of service."

OWNERS OF ANIMALS

Can have a cloth-bound copy sent post free upon receipt of Sixpence and a legible address, or the LABEL from a wrapper of a 2s., 2s. 6d., or 3s. 6d. Bottle of ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION would secure a Copy Post Free.

OWNERS OF DOGS—BIRDS can have PARTS II.-III. apart from COMPLETE BOOK free.

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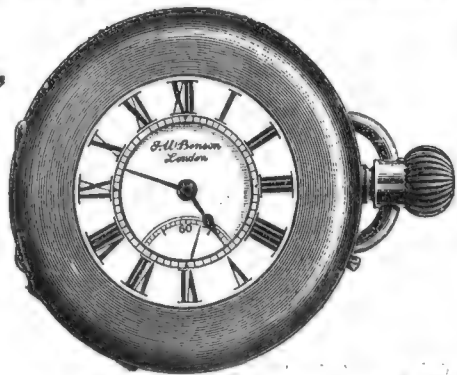
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£25 RENOWNED "FIELD" WATCH

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20 MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

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For Home Use,
India and the Colonies,
or for
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Wear.



£25

GOLD MEDAL,
INVENTIONS
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GOLD KEYLESS "FIELD" English Lever Half-Chronometer WATCH

of our BEST LONDON MAKE, BREQUET SPRUNG and adjusted, with Strong Keyless Action.

In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass 18-ct. Gold Cases.

A Written Warranty for Correct Performance and Manufacture is given with each Watch.

The GOLD KEYLESS 'LUDGATE' at £20, and the GOLD KEYLESS 'BANK' at £15,
can be obtained on the same system.

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I enclose £1 5s. Please send me a Gold Keyless "Field" Watch, price £25. The balance of £24 5s. I agree to pay you, or anyone you appoint, at the rate of £1 5s. a month; my next payment to be made upon the delivery of the Watch, and my succeeding payments on the corresponding date each month following. Until such payments are complete, I engage that the Watch, not being my property, shall not be disposed of by sale or otherwise. I further agree that if owing to unforeseen circumstances, of which you shall be the judge, the Watch cannot be delivered, the return of the deposit of £1 5s. to me shall cancel this order.

Signed

Date

Address

privilege of making Monthly or Quarterly Payments is accorded to residents in the United Kingdom only. REFERENCES REQUESTED. This Form may be cut out and used.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.; & 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.



WARING'S
175-181, OXFORD STREET, W., and
175-176, SLOANE STREET, S.W.
WARING & GILLOW LTD

Have received a Large
Consignment of Fine
Yarn Indian Carpets at
Specially Low Prices.
Very Fine and Rare
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at two-and-twenty, and tries to enjoy life as those enjoy it who have neither a title nor a *sou*. Well—it turns out to be the old story; what is fun to him (so long as the whim lasts) is tragic earnest to the work-girl who takes him for the *Rapin* he affects to be. Meanwhile his adventure naturally brings him in contact with as much entertainment in the way of human nature as he could desire, whereof Guillard, the journalist who despises his own unrivalled genius for ribaldry, but at last has to take himself as the world takes him, is the freshest and the most entertaining. His method of interesting all Paris in gossip about personages who had no existence outside his own brain might still be worth a capable imitator's attention. The novel closes sadly and cynically, and in complete accordance with the somewhat hard brightness, relieved by occasional pathetic surprises, characteristic of its curiously un-English school.

"A MODERN MERCENARY"

John Rallywood, the "Modern Mercenary" or the novel of that title, by K. and Hesketh Prichard (Smith, Elder, and Co.), was a fine young Englishman who, finding himself without a career at home entered the military service of the Grand Duchy of Maäsau, which appears to possess a small portion of the shore of the Baltic. The affairs of the little State turned out to be of the most modern complexity partially simplified by mediæval ferocity. Its Sovereign was a *fainéant* rendered almost senile by debauchery, with a would-be successor in the person of a sort of brigand cousin; its Chancellor was the European "Man of the Hour;" and each of the great Powers was intriguing for a supremacy of influence over its affairs. Thus arrived a moment when John had to find his patriotism as an Englishman incompatible with his duty as a soldier of Maäsau. That dilemma, with his treatment of its horns, is the point to which the whole of the machinery leads, and which has compelled its author to evolve an imaginary history for an imaginary realm. Nothing, indeed, is from first to last made to seem real—unless it be a certain Major Counsellor, as a recognisable representative of an ultra-British Briton with a taste for secret international diplomacy, and a talent for getting it accepted at his own value. The plot is well put together, and is as interesting as any story can be which imposes no conviction and excites no sympathy.

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Not for the first time Mr. Richard Le. Gallienne endeavours to interest his readers in the emancipation of genius from the trammels of provincial middle-class tradition. The "Young Lives" depicted in his latest novel (Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith) are those of two bosom friends, one a born poet and the other a born actor, with inappreciative family circles, but with a faith in one another only surpassed by the affectionate hero-worship of the two requisite young women. These four form an unqualified mutual admiration society whose verdict, it is suggested, only anticipates that of the dramatic and literary world. Beyond a hot-headed quarrel with not very refractory parents, and a passing exhibition of jealousy on the part of one of the young women, nobody has any troubles—at any rate, none worth mentioning. Their sentimentality will strike ordinary minds as often sickly and as yet more often silly. But their amiability is beyond question.

"A LOTUS FLOWER"

Mr. J. Morgan-de-Groot's "A Lotus Flower" (Blackwood and

Sons) tells how Hilda Drakhufvud, from Sweden, married Dr. Emile van Lichtenvoorde, a young Dutchman, in the belief that he was poetical; found him out in being merely prosaic; tried another young Dutchman, Gerard Op de Laak, who gave her up on moral grounds; and at last, being disappointed all round, "thought," with her compatriot in the "Book of Nonsense," "she would go back to Sweden." She and her circle think and feel as nobody thinks and feels outside the psychological topsy-turvydom of Mäterlink and Ibsen; it is all far-fetched sentiment strained out as thin as it will bear the process without snapping. For its characters are outside all experience and its drift beyond all guessing.



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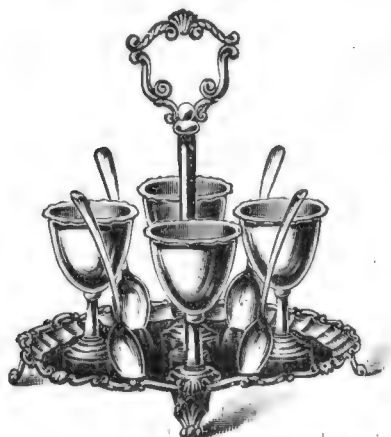
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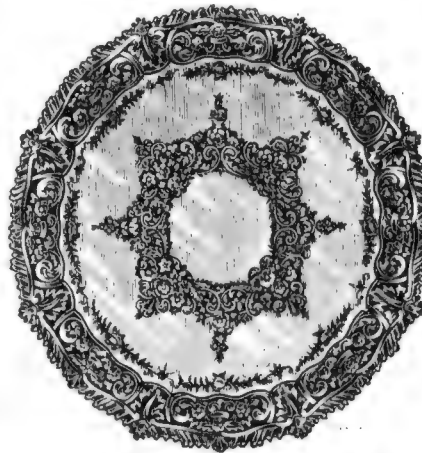
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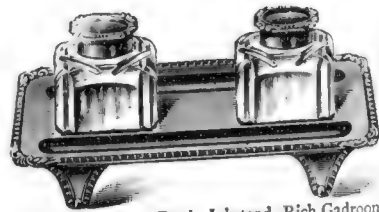


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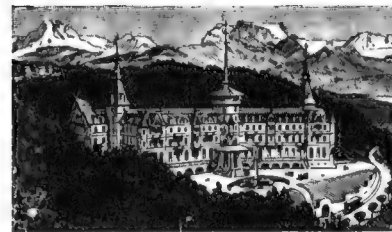
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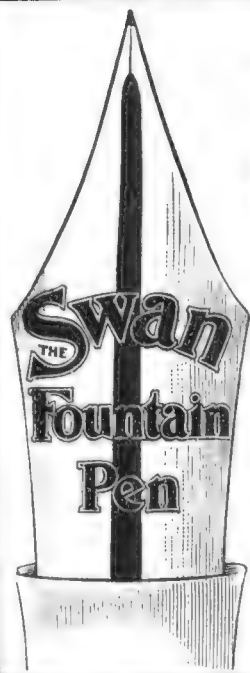
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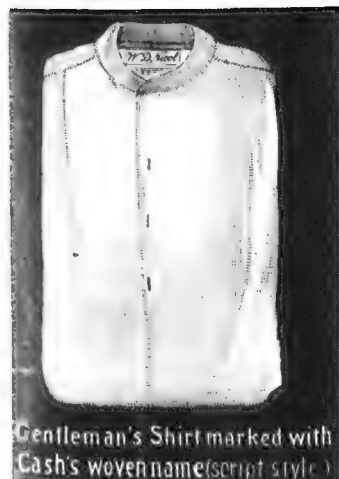
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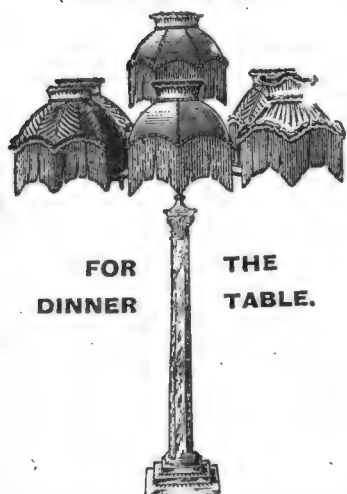
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The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"I'll therefore take our ancient friend, Don Juan," says Byron, in search of a subject. Mr. Herman Merivale has, it seems, said the same in reference to the new play from his pen which Mr. Martin Harvey will produce at the PRINCE OF WALES's after the run of *The Only Way*. There are, of course, more Don Juans than one. There is Casimir Delavigne's hero, and there is the gay libertine of French and Italian comedy now best known to playgoers through Mozart's immortal opera. Mr. Merivale's hero is, we believe, neither of these, though, like his "Faucit of Bálloil," who was a sort of nineteenth century *Faust*, he derives from a legendary personage. The play is a romantic drama in four acts, the theme of which is avowedly derived "from an old Spanish source."

The suggestion that M. Sardou's *Robespierre* bears traces of having originally had a different ending from that which is presented at the LYCEUM receives some confirmation from the published accounts of the forthcoming novel entitled *Robespierre*, by M. Galdemar, which has been prepared under M. Sardou's direction upon the basis of the play. This historical romance which, according to the stipulation of the illustrious French dramatist, is like the drama to be first given to the world in the form of an English translation, will have a supplementary chapter representing an original final act written by M. Sardou, and showing Robespierre at the Hotel de Ville.

Every actor and actress of note in London appears to have hastened to lend support to the Lydia Thompson benefit, which bids fair to rival the renown of the Nelly Farren benefit of last year. It will take place at the LYCEUM, on Tuesday afternoon next, and will offer a programme of the usual extensive and miscellaneous character. An interesting item will be the production of a new and original sketch, entitled *Justice Nell*, written for the occasion by Mr. Robb Harwood and Mr. Farren Soutar, son of Miss Nellie Farren, who will play the "Justice" referred to. The performances will be followed by a "Reception" on the stage, during which Miss Thompson will recite a rhymed address written for her by Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

The Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, which, following the custom of recent times, has been extended over an entire fortnight, appears to have been eminently successful. Mr. Benson's company, who have given Shakespearean performances in the MEMORIAL Theatre daily, and occasionally twice a day, includes, it is true, no performer of the very first rank, but it can boast of what is more important, a general high level of intelligence, and a careful attention to all details. The mastery of the text which they

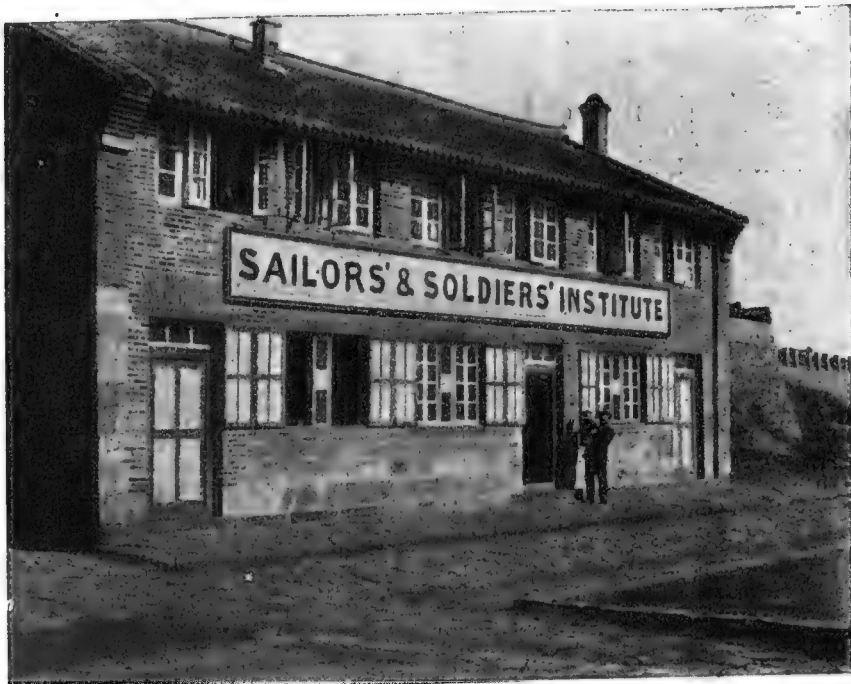
exhibit, though the bill is changed from day to day, is not a little remarkable. Eleven plays in all have been represented. Doubtless the *Second Part of King Henry VI.*, unlike Comus's enchanted cup, did not "bathe the drooping spirits in delight"; but as a dramatic curiosity, and an example of our great national poet at his worst, it was worth seeing. Far more interesting was the company's performance on Monday last of the entire text of *Hamlet*, divided into two parts for the occasion. No more fitting homage to the poet on his birthday than this restoration of this play, so long presented in

who have from time to time occupied the theatre in his absence, we know from the fact that the official programme of the approaching London Musical Festival in Queen's Hall comprises music by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, which is stated to have been originally composed for this production. The scheme, which appears to be now abandoned, would have marked what is known as "a new departure" in the policy of the LYCEUM, for though Byron's gloomy hero has been played by Phelps and Charles Dillon, the play, owing to its lack of action, has always been treated as a spectacular and musical piece.

"CHANGE ALLEY"

Messrs. Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson's *Change Alley* produced at the GARRICK Theatre has already been given in New York, in autumn of 1897, with Mr. E. H. Sothorn as Miss Virginia Harned in the parts taken by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry (Miss Julia Neilson). It aims with some success at giving a series of pictures of the time of the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, rather than a sustained dramatic interest, and it has a certain old-world fragrance. As a play, however, it is full of inconsequences, and contains nothing that by any stretch of invention can be called a coherent plot. The story, such as it is, tells how one Christopher Heartright comes from poverty to affluence, then to poverty again (through a scoundrelly lawyer, excellently played by Mr. James Welch), while in the sequel the sun shines once more and this through the instrumentality of Heartright's fiancée, who, with commendable promptitude, sells the shares which the young man has been too unbusinesslike to attend to himself. Mr. Murray Carson was the success of the evening as a good-hearted sailor, weirdly uncouth in manner and appearance and with a tendency to be tediously reiterative, but affording opportunity for the part author to show himself a character actor of unquestioned ability. Other parts were well rendered by Mr. Robert Loraine, Mr. J. Barnes, Mr. Eric Lewis, and Mr. John Beauchamp. A prologue in keeping with the old-world character of the play was very pleasingly given by Mrs. Beer. The Tree, who looked very graceful in a Romneyesque dress. The play is charmingly and effectively staged, one bustling and effective scene in *Change Alley* being an admirable reproduction of E. M. Ward's well-known picture. The tableaux of life in a period which may roughly be described as that of Defoe, indeed, are very realistic and faithful in detail. Mr. Fred Terry is all that is picturesque and chivalrous as Christopher Heartright. Miss Julia Neilson, a pretty if stilted heroine, has next to nothing to do, and does it well. Mrs. Lewis Waller has a sympathetic part, of which she makes the most, though the opportunities it furnishes are not great, while Miss Jessie Ferrar is sprightly and attractive in a juvenile part.

MR. CLEMENT SHORTER, who for nearly ten years has been associated with the *Illustrated London News* in the capacity of literary editor, and under whose editorship the *Sketch* has attained its present popularity, is, we understand, resigning his position to devote himself to other work.



A Sailors' and Soldiers' Institute has been opened by Captain King Hall, of H.M.S. *Narcissus*, on the island of Liu Kung Tau, opposite Wei-hai-Wei. The institute is much appreciated by both Bluejackets and Marines.

THE BRITISH IN CHINA: A MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE

a maimed and mutilated condition, could have been devised; but of this experiment we shall be able to speak in more detail when it is repeated, as we understand it is likely to be, in London.

What will become of the CRITERION when Mr. Charles Wyndham enters into possession of his handsome new playhouse now rapidly rising in the Charing Cross Road? Some professor of what Bentham calls "the noble art of guessing" ventured to announce that the CRITERION would be sublet, but it appears that he under-rated Mr. Wyndham's capacity for managerial work. We have the popular actor and manager's authority for the statement that for a while at least he will manage both houses.

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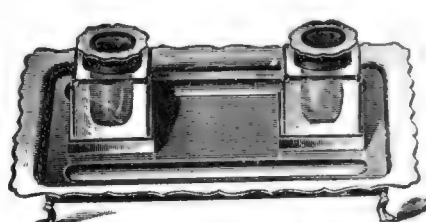


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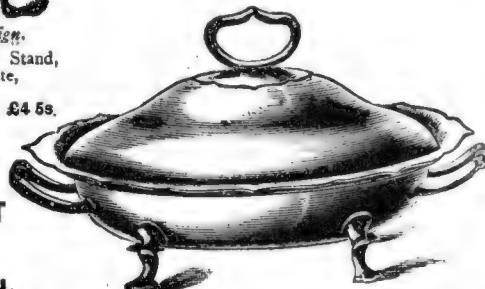
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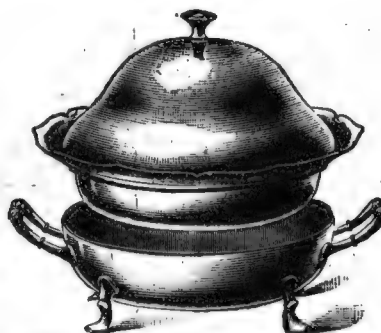
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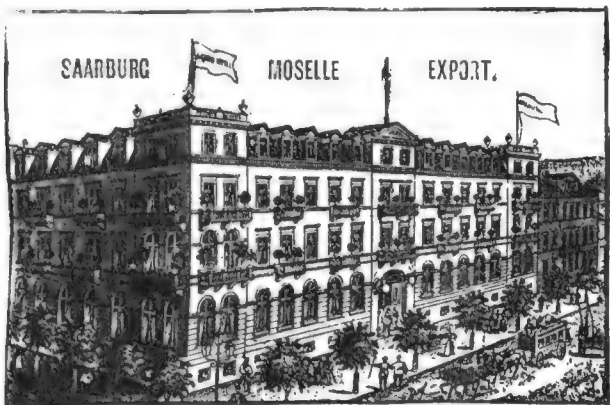
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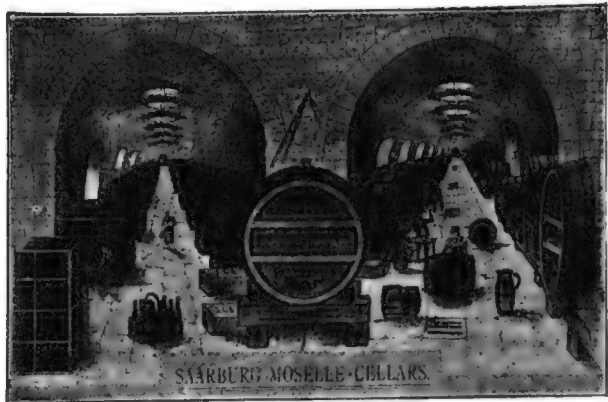


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Music of the Week

THE OPERA

It is now officially announced that the opera season will commence at Covent Garden on Monday week and will close on July 24. Also the official prospectus has been issued of the special Wagner performances, which will take place as a rule twice a week between May 8 and June 17. We have already given details, but may add that a resolution has been come to not to sell tickets for any single performance, the seats only being allotted in cycles of six representations each. Also the prices have slightly been increased, the orchestral stalls being 7s. 17s. 6d. instead of six guineas for the six performances. On the remaining four nights weekly the ordinary repertory will be relied upon, as, with the exception of Puccini's *La Bohème*, which will probably be given almost immediately after the return in July of Madame Melba, the novelties will probably not be heard until the end of the season. Most of the artists took part in a farewell performance in New York on Friday last week for the benefit of Mr. Grau, the manager, and sailed on the following day, so that they may be expected respectively in London or Paris on Sunday. The Queen, as usual, has subscribed for the Royal box, while the Duchess of Fife also has a box on the grand tier and the Prince of Wales a double pit tier or "omnibus" box, the other occupants of which this season will be the Duke of York, Lord Crewe, Lord Hopetoun, Lord Farquhar, Sir Charles Hall, M. de Soveral, and Sir Charles Rivers Wilson.

THE LONDON MUSICAL FESTIVAL

The details have now been settled for Mr. Robert Newman's London

Musical Festival which will be held at Queen's Hall, and unfortunately will clash with the first week of the opera season. We have already announced the principal features of this festival, and may now add that the chief features will be the return of Lady Hallé, on the opening day, May 8, the only appearance this season on the evening of May 9, of M. Paderewski (who will play Beethoven's E Flat Concerto and the Concerto in B Minor of Chopin, the latter replacing his own "Polish Fantasia"), the first production in England on the Wednesday afternoon, Thursday evening, and Friday afternoon, of Father Perosi's three Italian oratorios, and the appearance on Saturday afternoon of both the Queen's Hall and Lamoureux orchestras in a single programme. On the Monday night also M. Lamoureux will conduct Beethoven's Choral Symphony, and among the principal performers during the week will be M. Ysaye, Mlle. Kleeberg, and M. de Pachmann. The Paderewski and Perosi performances are already attracting an immense amount of attention.

DÉBUT OF M. RACHMANINOFF

The debut of M. Rachmaninoff at the Philharmonic Concert, was the principal musical event of last week. Curiously enough, the Russian musician gained his greatest success in a comparatively trifling pianoforte piece, the Prelude in C Sharp Minor, by which his name has hitherto chiefly been known to London. M. Paderewski, when it was first produced, expressed a high opinion of this work, which has frequently been played in England by Rachmaninoff's master, M. Siloti. The Philharmonic audience were quick to appreciate the novelty of an extremely unconventional rendering of it by the composer, who, being encored, elected

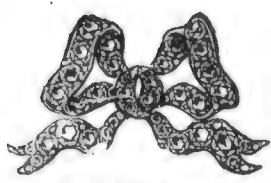
to repeat the Prelude. On the other hand, in his Fantasia in E, which introduced the newcomer both as an orchestral composer and as a conductor, he was heard to very much less advantage.

MADAME LEHMANN'S "YOUNG LOCHINVAR"

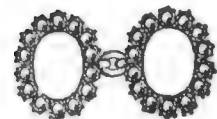
Madame Liza Lehmann, since the production of "In a Persian Garden," has contented herself mainly with writing unpretentious, if agreeable, songs. On Saturday, however, she introduced for the first time at the Crystal Palace a short Cantata, miscalled a Ballad, and entitled *Young Lochinvar*. It is, of course, set to Scott's poem, which is dealt with more or less after the manner adopted by Dr. Villiers Stanford, that is to say, in choral narrative interspersed with narrative solos for a baritone. The music is simple, but it lacks contrast and variety, although it may, doubtless be acceptable to the smaller class of provincial choirs, who will find in it much effect and very little difficulty. At the same concert Dr. Stanford's *Phaulraig Crohoore*, an Irish version of the same legend, was performed. It was originally produced, three years ago, at the Norwich Festival, and it has frequently since been heard elsewhere. Miss Peppercorn, a student of the Royal Academy of Music, gave an excellent performance of Rubinstein's Concerto in D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan hopes to return on Friday and to conduct his Symphony in E Minor at the Crystal Palace to-day (Saturday). The work is now misnamed an "Irish Symphony," but it really shows strongly the influence of Mendelssohn, who, at the time it was written, was the great pattern for most young musicians. It was composed at about the same time as the beautiful "In Memoriam" overture, and was produced at the Crystal Palace early in 1866.

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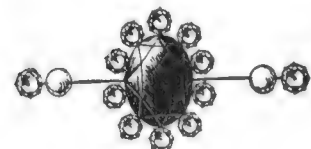
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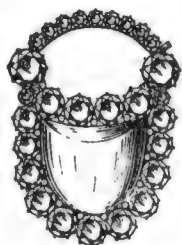
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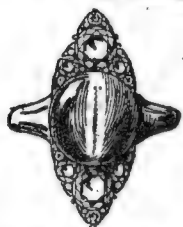
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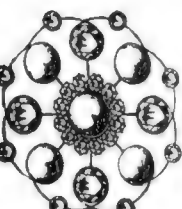
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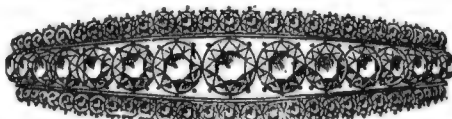
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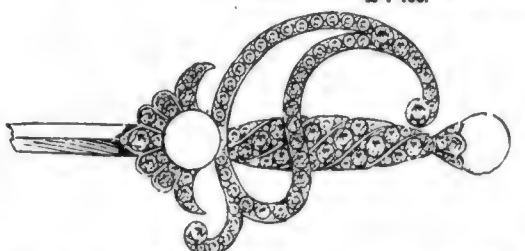
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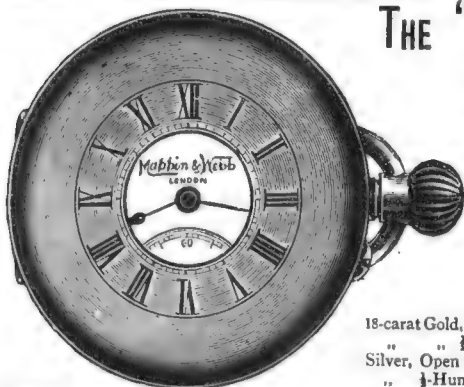


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Rural Notes.

THE SEASON

APRIL, 1877, was extremely like the month which is now drawing to a conclusion. It is not, therefore, encouraging to remember that it was followed by a bleak and wet May, and by small, poor crops later on. The season is now undoubtedly backward, and wheat has gone off colour rather badly. Whether the cold winds or the want of sun have been the cause is doubtful, but the fact remains. Spring corn is up, but is not looking very healthy. Grass, which likes the rains, does not mind a temperature of 48 deg., and can wait for sunshine till later May, is of very fair promise, but the prospect of a meadow year, not of a corn or fruit year, is hardly reassuring to the nation at large. The spring birds have now all arrived except the swift. The cheapness of wheat is

now such that farmers are extensively using it for feeding purposes. It is mixed with beans and maize, and often with feeding barley, and thus fed to the cattle seems to do them as much good as the more expensive oilcake. The price of beef is now very low in most of the shires; on the other hand, mutton is yielding a good profit to the owners of sheep. The price of milk is very low indeed; in fact, many farmers are so discouraged that fewer milk kine are expected to be kept in future. As the price of milk has not fallen in any of the great cities, a big dividend may fairly be hoped for by shareholders in the great milk supply companies. The price of eggs is extremely low in the country. Sixteen to the shilling is about the best price obtainable for good new laid. Yet the cost at a town shop is never less than a penny, and at a restaurant twopence is the lowest charge.

CORN

Arable and cereal farmers are again in a bad way. Wheat is down to 24s. 6d. per qr., and the fall from 1898 is so heavy that a

crop of thirty-four bushels to the acre is bringing in less money than one of twenty-nine bushels did at the prices of a year ago. The American and Russian crops were grossly under-estimated by Government Bureaux, which were not without suspicion of being influenced by the speculator. This false information kept up the value in England till Christmas, and some of our farmers got 30s. for their wheat. But since the truth began to appear value has been coming down with a run, and to-day we have the price so low that even a yield of two bushels above the average is not paying the cost of cultivation. Barley is down to 25s. 7d. This is only 2s. 5d. fall on the year, but the profits of barley-growing have not of recent years been enough to stimulate sowings, and a further loss of half-a-crown is likely to cause an absolute diminution in the area under cultivation. Oats at 16s. 10d. are 1s. 4d. lower on the twelvemonth, and English farmers who did not fear Russian competition, owing to the superior weight and quality of home produce, are profoundly disheartened on the presence of Canadian competition.

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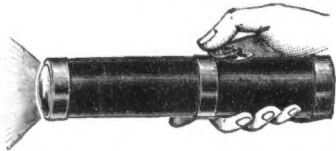
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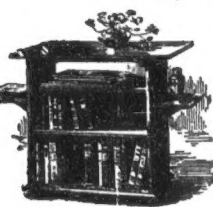
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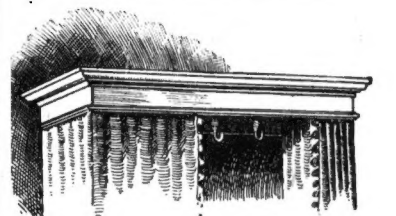
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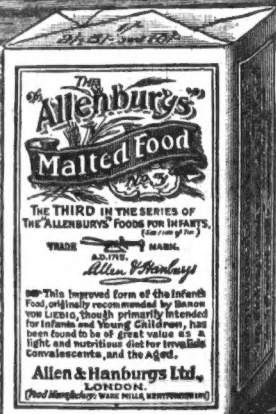
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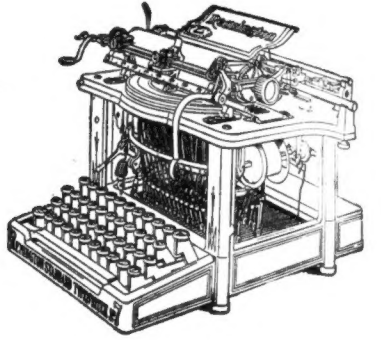
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